THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A LAST LOOK ON LIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

"Asleep? I was only thinking,
Thinking of all the past,
From the first day I remember
Down to this one—the last.
Turn your face toward me, darling;
Your eyes are blind with tears;
I would weep if I must live over
All of these weary years.

"I should have borne your burdens,
But you have been strength to me;
Only a little longer,
And then will the ending be.
Dear, do not shiver and tremble,
You would not have me stay,
Who go from amid the shadows
Into eternal day?

"I had not thought I should ever
Look on another June;
And lying to-day in the stillness,
While, borne on the breezy noon,
Your voice with the breath of roses
Came up from the yard below,
I lived again in my fancy
This Summer four years ago.

"She was here, you remember, our Sunshine;
That was the name you gave;
But I knew her best by another—
No, Edith, I do not rave.
I was only a helpless cripple—
Hopeless, because too sane
To dream that the love I bore her
Could ever be aught but vain.

"She is rich in all loving titles,
Mother, and Friend, and Wife.
God bless her! I know He *will* bless her
With all that is best in life.
And I—I am happy in dying;
Dear sister"—then, "Lift my head."
I raised him; "My Saviour come quickly"—
One struggle and he was dead.

We laid him to rest on the hill-side,
Where the first spring violets blow,
And I say 'mid the rain of my weeping,
"Thank God! it is better so."

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANKSBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW TENANT. MR. CHANDOS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

My time passed monotonously enough. Not sufficiently at home to sit down to the musical instruments, uninvited—and no one did invite me—I was reduced to walking and reading. Mr. Chandos told me the books in the library were at my service, and I availed myself of them. One particular book-case in a dark corner was kept locked: it had glass doors before it through which you might read the titles of the books. I was standing before this one morning when Lady Chandos entered.

"Are you searching for a book, Miss Hereford?"

"There is one here which I should so much like to read," I answered, "but the case is locked. It is—"

The evident astonishment with which Lady Chandos advanced and gazed at the book-case caused me to pause ere pronouncing the title of the book. She appeared to be absorbed in its contents. There were books of all sorts, large, small, pamphlets, and papers. Without another word to me she turned to the door and called her son.

"Harry," she began, in a sharp, displeased tone when he entered, "who has been at this book case and left its curtains undrawn?"

"I have not," he replied. "It must have been Mrs. Chandos."

"Very thoughtless of her; very negligent!" aspirated Lady Chandos. "The keys had better not be left where she can get at them, unless she can be more cautious. You can tell her so."

Mr. Chandos came near and tried the doors.

"It is locked, mother. There is no great harm done."

"Locked! Of course it is locked," quickly responded Lady Chandos: "even Ethel would scarcely be sufficiently careless to leave it unlocked. But look here."

She pointed to one of the books: it was covered with white paper, and there was some writing on it: it appeared to be a name. Mr. Chandos knitted his brow as he bent closer, and turned away hastily. His mother remained before the book-case, as if she would prevent my view of the writing—so it struck me.

He returned with some keys in his hand, opened the glass doors, drew their crimson silk curtains, closed and relocked them. All sight of the contents was hidden now. They were quitting the room when Mr. Chandos apparently remembered that I was in it, and came back.

"Can I reach any book for you, Miss Hereford? Were you in search of any one in particular?"

I pointed to the first my eye fell upon, and he handed it down to me with a smile. What should it be but a Greek classic!

"I did not suppose you were so learned a scholar," he remarked, and I could not help laughing as I gave it back to him.

"It was a stupid mistake, sir. I thought the back of it looked like Shakspeare."

"You will find Shakspeare in this compartment," he said, moving lower down. "The volumes are all here, on the under shelf."

"Thank you," I answered, "I will select for myself." He left me to do so and quitted the room. But somehow that little episode of the locked book case and the undrawn curtains seemed to bar my free use of the library, and I quitted it for my own room, carrying a volume of Shakspeare with me.

It was a lovely day, and I thought I would go out and enjoy the air: I could read as well indoors as out. But before settling myself on a bench, I went to the park gates to see how they were getting on with the furnishing of the house. They had been busy over it for two days, and I—for want of something better to do—had taken an interest in it and watched the things go in. It appeared all in order this morning; there was no bustle, no litter: curtains were up, blinds were half drawn, and smoke was ascending from more than one chimney. The tenant or tenants must have arrived and taken possession.

As I stood leaning over the small side gate there came out of that house a man, a gentleman, short, and with a dark face. But of the latter I caught but a passing glimpse, for he turned his back immediately to look up at the front of the house. Calling to a servant, he appeared to be pointing out something that he wished done, or finding fault with something that had been left undone. I could not hear the words, but I could the tones: they were authoritative, as was his manner. He was evidently the master.

I thought I had seen him before, for there was something in his figure and even in the passing sight of his face which struck upon me as being familiar. I waited for him to turn again that I might obtain a better view, but he did not, and soon went in. I returned to one of the most private seats I could find, and opened my book.

Ere a quarter of an hour passed, the sound of two people, apparently encountering each other, was heard behind the shrubs. I recognized the voice of Mr. Chandos.

"Are you out here alone, Ethel?"

"Yes, I took a fancy to come; I and my kitten. Mrs. Freeman said, wait an hour or two, and perhaps she could come with me. She is ill."

"Ill! I thought Mrs. Freeman was never ill."

"So did I: but she is ill to-day. At least, not well. She has strange pains in her head, she says: I cannot make it out."

"Did you unlock the bookcase in the library, and undraw the curtains?" resumed Mr. Chandos.

"What bookcase?" she asked.

"*That* bookcase."

"What next, Harry! As if I should do anything of the sort!"

"No one goes to that bookcase, except yourself."

There was a pause; and then Mrs. Chandos spoke again. She appeared to have been reflecting.

"I remember I went to it last night. Mrs. Freeman was ill, no company for me, and I took a fancy to look over some old letters. I did draw the curtains back to shake the dust off; they were covered with dust; but I'm sure I thought I drew them again."

"They were undrawn to-day. Lady Chandos—"

"Did Lady Chandos know of it?" she quickly interrupted.

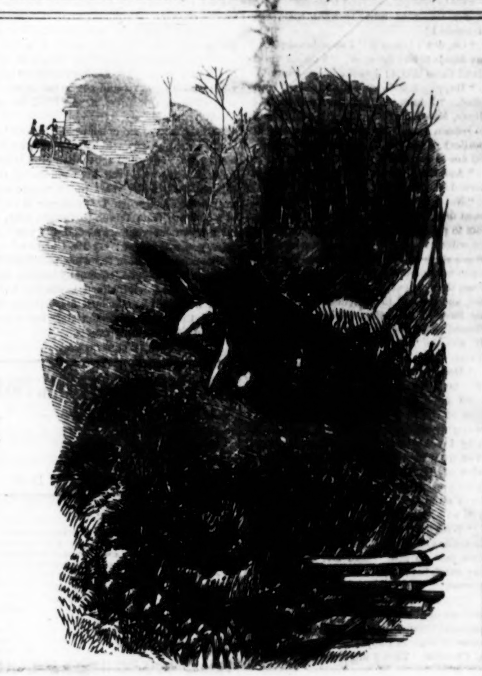
"It was she who first discovered it, and she called to me."

"Was she very angry?"

"She was vexed, and begged me to caution you for the future. You see, Ethel, while this stranger is in the house, we must be more guarded than ever."

"But she has not the run of the house, to go about it as she likes; she has no business in the library."

"I told her the library was at her service; meaning the books," observed Mr. Chandos.



DARING RIDE OF COL. LANDER AT THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI.

The intrepidity and daring courage of Col. Lander (says "Frank Leslie's Paper," from which we take the above sketch) have often been the theme of conversation. His career has been full of that excitement which constant and secret danger creates, and the unceasing watchfulness necessary to guard against sudden surprises has made him at once cool in his recklessness and equal to any emergency. In the battle of Philippi his daring and his presence of mind were equally apparent. On reaching the brow of the hill overlooking Philippi, he beheld the enemy, and at the same moment observed the advancing column of Colonel Kelley. In a minute he had planted his cannon to play upon the camp of the Secessionists, and without thought of the danger, only thinking of the necessity of communicating with his brother officers, he put spurs to his horse and dashed down the face of the hill, the descent being at an angle of forty-five degrees. It was a perilous ride, and his soldiers gazed after him with hushed breath until they saw him reach the base in safety and dash across the town. A gallant soldier and fearless rider is Col. Lander.

"Then, Harry, I think it is you who must be reproached with want of caution," spoke Mrs. Chandos.

"But why? There is no reason whatever why she may not be in the library, provided that case is kept locked. Who was to suppose you would leave the curtains undrawn? And some of the books bear a name on their outside, remember."

I moved away. Now that their conversation was turning upon me, I did not choose to stay willingly to listen to it. Passing over a border of grass, with a light and noiseless step, I seated myself upon a bench in the broad open walk. Not long had I sat there when Mr. Chandos approached.

"Are you fond of Shakspeare, Miss Hereford?"

"I have never read his works."

"Never read Shakspeare!" he repeated in an accent of surprise. "Had you assured me this morning you could read and enjoy that Greek poem I handed you down, I should have been less astonished."

"But, sir, I have always been at school. And school girls have no opportunity of obtaining such works. At a school I was at in England, Miss Fenton's, there were some volumes of Shakspeare in the governess's private parlor, but I never saw anything of them but their backs."

"Have you no home—no parents?"

"None."

"Have you never read Byron?"

"Oh no."

"Nor any novels?"

"No books of that kind."

He looked at me with a half smile, standing with his back against a tree. "Your later years have been spent in France, I understood my sister to say; did you never get any French novels?"

"Indeed, no. Mademoiselle Barlieu would have been in fits at the bare thought. And since I left them I have been too fully occupied to read for recreation. This is the first leisure I have had."

"Indeed! It must seem strange to you."

"So strange, sir, that I feel like a fish out of water," I laughed.

"Emily says she read French novels at Miss Barlieu. You look doubtfully, Miss Hereford?"

"Yes, sir; for I do not see how that could have been. We were too well supervised to allow opportunity for it. But Miss Chandos was permitted to visit a great deal, and she may have met with them out of doors."

"Ah," he remarked, speaking more to himself than to me, "it was that visiting that did all the mischief. My mother sees it now. Did you visit, Miss Hereford?"

"No, sir. I had not a single friend in the town. Towards the last, Miss Annette would sometimes take me with her when she went out to spend the evening. Visiting, like this charming class of literature—laying my hand upon the volume I held—is almost as a sealed book to me."

He did not immediately speak, and of course I did not; was I not as a dependent? Presently he turned his eyes upon me.

"Will you allow me to direct your reading, Miss Hereford?"

"Oh, sir, if you would!" I answered eagerly. "For in truth that library seems to me like a wild sea, with its multitude of books."

"Yes; and a young lady might get amidst its shoals, for all the books are not equally worthy. I will look out a few and give them to you."

"Thank you, sir. Meanwhile may I go on with this, as I have begun it?"

He left the tree, took the book from my hand and looked at it. "Othello; yes, you may read that."

As he returned the book to me and resumed his position against the tree, some one approached from the other gate. I thought it was a visitor. He came strolling on, his arms underneath his coat-tails, and soon I perceived it was the gentleman I had seen at the newly occupied house giving his directions to the servant. But as, as he neared us, recognition, with a cold chill of terror, struck upon my heart: I knew him instantly; it was Mr. Edwin Barley. Mr. Edwin Barley, and not in the least altered.

"Do you want anything, sir?" somewhat haughtily demanded Mr. Chandos. For the intruder was passing us without ceremony, and peering about as curiously and freely as he might have done in the public road.

"I don't want anything," was the rough answer. "The open air is free to walk in, I believe."

"Quite so—when you are beyond these boundaries. But these are private property."

"I am aware that they are the grounds belonging to Chandos House; but I did not know a stranger might not be permitted to walk in them."

"Lady Chandos prefers privacy. Strangers are not in the habit of entering here; nor can their doing so be sanctioned."

"I presume that I am speaking to Mr. Harry Chandos?"

Mr. Chandos bowed his head, very coldly: and Mr. Edwin Barley prepared to turn and depart the way he came.

"I suppose I must beg your pardon, then, for intruding," he observed. "It did not occur to me that it might be unwelcome."

He slightly raised his hat and departed. Mr. Chandos returned the courtesy, and looked after him.

"Who can he be, I wonder? A queer sort of customer, to all appearance."

"I think it is the tenant of your house, sir. I saw him there just now."

"*He* the tenant!" uttered Mr. Chandos. "But—Miss Hereford, what is the matter with you? You are as white as that statue."

I turned it off, giving no explanation; and Mr. Chandos walked towards the gate. I daresay I did look white, for the sight of Mr. Edwin Barley brought back all the old horror of the events that had occurred during my sojourn in his house. Not that it was so much the recollection that drove the color from my cheeks, as the dread fear lest he should recognize me. Of that I should have had little fear, however, had I been calm enough to look at the matter dispassionately: he had, as it were, remained stationary in appearance, whilst I had changed from a child into a woman.

But what brought Mr. Edwin Barley entering as the tenant of that small and inferior house? he, with his fine fortune and his fine estates! There seemed to be mystery enough at Chandos: was this going to be another mystery?

"I believe you must be right, Miss Hereford: he has entered the house," said Mr. Chandos, returning. "If he is really the new tenant—as I suppose he is—he appears by no means a prepossessing one. I wonder what his name may be?"

I could not for the world have told Mr. Chandos that I knew his name; I could not have told that I knew him. All my hope was that it might never be betrayed that I had known him.

I rose to return indoors, a dim idea of putting the walls of Chandos House between me and Mr. Edwin Barley prompting me. Mr. Chandos walked by my side. Luncheon was ready in the oak parlor, and we sat down to it, Lady Chandos presiding.

"Harry, Hickens says that our new tenant has arrived," she observed.

Hickens, who was the butler, and in waiting then, turned to Mr. Chandos.

"He came in last night, sir, so Brooks told me; himself and two or three servants. It's only a single gentleman, they say; no family."

"I have seen him," said Mr. Chandos, addressing his mother. "He came into our gates, deeming, possibly, that Chandos was public property, and I had to warn him off, by informing him that it was private."

"But what did he want?" she rejoined.

"Nothing that I could gather, save to look about him. He is a short, dark, ill favored man."

"And who is he? what is his name?"

"I do not know. Have you heard it, Hickens?"

"No, sir."

"But you ought to have known it, Harry, before accepting him," remonstrated Lady Chandos.

"My dear mother, Dexter has made the arrangements: he is to be trusted. A man may not be the less desirable tenant for possessing an ugly face. Were we all bought and sold by our looks—"

He stopped, and rose in consternation: we all rose. Mrs. Chandos had burst wildly into the room, her hands raised in agitation, her face livid.

"Oh, Lady Chandos! oh, Harry, do come! She has fallen on the floor in a fit, or something. I think she'll be dead!"

"Excited again, Ethel!" exclaimed Lady Chandos, in a tone of contrasting calmness. "When will you learn to take trifles quietly and rationally? Who has fallen? The kitten?"

"There's nothing to reproach me for this time," vehemently retorted Mrs. Chandos. "I speak of Mrs. Freeman, and I do believe she is dead or dying."

"Take care of her, Harry," whispered Lady Chandos. "I will see what it is."

"Shall I go, mother? It may be better. You can stay with Ethel."

Lady Chandos only answered by waving him away, and she quitted the room. Mrs. Chandos trembled excessively, and Mr. Chandos placed her in an easy chair.

"Calm yourself, Ethel—as my mother says."

"What rubbish you talk, Harry! as if every lady could have their feelings under control like her—and you! Time was when I was calm and heedless enough, goodness knows, but since—since—you know!"

"Yes, yes; be still now. I think you might acquire a little more self-control if you tried, considering that excitement does you so much harm."

"It weakens me; lays me prostrate for three or four days: I don't know what other harm it does me."

"Is not that enough? Where is Mrs. Freeman?"

"She is in my dining-room. I will describe it to you. We were at luncheon—that is, I was, for she sat by and would not take any. 'I think you might eat a bit of this fowl,' I said to her, 'it is very nice.' Well, she made no answer; so I spoke again. Still she said nothing, and I got up to look at her, wondering whether she could have dropped asleep in a minute. I went round the chair, and there she was with a face drawn in the most frightful manner you can conceive, and the next moment she had slipped from the chair to the carpet. And you and Lady Chandos blame me for not retaining my calmness."

"Will you take anything?" he inquired, pointing to the luncheon tray.

"No, thank you. I have had enough of luncheon for one day, in the sight of Mrs. Freeman. Suppose you come and see her for yourself: I don't mind going with you."

Mrs. Chandos put her arm within his, and they departed. I saw no more of them or of Lady Chandos for some hours, but as I sat in my own room I heard bustle in the house, and once I caught a glimpse of Mr. Chandos in the grounds. I asked a maid servant, who was passing in the corridor, what was the matter.

"It was a sort of fit, miss, but she's better now. The doctor says she must be still and have rest for some time to come, and she is going away this evening."

"Going away! Do you speak of Mrs. Freeman?"

"Going, miss, by her own choice. She has a sister who lives about thirteen miles from this, and she wishes to go at once to her house. My lady urged her to wait, at any rate till to-morrow, but Mrs. Freeman says she would rather go, especially as she can be of no further use at present to Mrs. Chandos. I have a suspicion that she fears another attack, and thinks she had better get to her sister's without delay. So it's all settled, and Hill is to go with her."

The maid departed, leaving my door on the latch. I sat reading, when there sounded two more encountering voices outside: those of Lady Chandos and Hill, her attendant.

"My lady," said the latter in one of those loud whispers which penetrate the ear worse than open speaking, "is it right that I should go to-night? I could not allude to it before Mrs. Chandos."

"Why should it not be right, Hill?"

"It is the full of the moon, my lady."

Lady Chandos paused before replying, possibly in reflection. "There is no help for it, Hill," she said. "Mrs. Freeman is too ill to be trusted to the care of any one but you."

We were sitting down to dinner in the oak parlor, when the carriage came round to bear away Mrs. Freeman to the railway station. She was supported down the stairs and into it, Hill and the doctor accompanying her. Lady Chandos stood beyond the portico as it drove away when Mr. Dexter came up and accosted her. Placing a letter in her hand, he had turned away when Lady Chandos called him back. Her precise words I could not catch, save that they related to the new tenant.

What a change had come over Lady Chandos when she re-entered the room! Her face presented a picture of bewildered consternation, not to say fear; her eyes were thrown upon her son. "Harry! Harry!" she uttered, apparently forgetting my presence in her excitement, "the man—the man who has taken the house!"

"What is the matter, mother? What agitates you?"

"It is Edwin Barley."

Mr. Chandos appeared to be struck dumb; he was some minutes before he spoke. "Edwin Barley!" he ejaculated at length.

"Edwin Barley of Nettleby. Harry, is the agreement signed?"

"It was signed before he entered, mother. Dexter told me so."

"Then we cannot get rid of him! What has brought him here? here, of all places in the world? Chance? accident, think you?"

"It may be. But I should scarcely think so. I told you he was an ill favored man."

"Hush! another time," she hastily interposed as Hickens entered with the soup. I turned away from the window to take my place, and the cheeks of Lady Chandos flushed as her eyes fell upon me. She must have forgotten my presence.

The dinner was eaten in silence: the servants were present, and that one topic appeared to absorb the minds of Lady Chandos and her son too greatly to admit of their entering upon an indifferent one. There was little ceremony observed in the every-day life at Chandos: Lady Chandos sat as long at the dessert table as her son—which was but a short time—and then it was cleared and tea came in.

"Will you oblige me by making tea this evening, Miss Hereford?"

Had the request not been preferred, I should have withdrawn to my room with an excuse that I did not wish for tea: how entirely I felt in the light of an interloper, sitting there, when I knew they must want to converse on their own affairs and would naturally wish me at the other end of the earth, none but myself can tell. Before the tea was over, Lady Chandos rose.

"I am going to sit with Ethel, Harry. Will you come?"

"She does not want me," was his rejoinder, and his mother left the room.

He rang for the tea things to be taken away. I was standing then near the mantle piece: happening to look up, I saw his eyes fixed on me, something peculiar in their expression.

"Mr. Chandos," I rallied myself to say, "I am very sorry to be in this position—an intruder here."

"And but for one thing I should be very glad of it," was his ready answer. "It is a pleasant break-in upon our monotonous life."

"And that one thing, sir?"

"Ah! I cannot tell you all my secrets," he laughed, and left the parlor laughing: coming in again only just as we were going to rest.

"You must be tired, Harry," observed Lady Chandos: "you seem to have been upon your legs all day."

"I am tired," was his reply; "I shall sleep to-night without rocking. Good night, mother. Good night, Miss Hereford."

He went on up before us, entered his room and closed the door. I passed into mine, and I heard Lady Chandos disappear within the door of the west wing.

I did not feel sleepy. I undressed slowly and in silence, and, putting out the light, threw a large shawl over me and leaned from the open window, in the bright moonlight.

I leaned there, lost in thought. Dwelling over my own uncertain fate, the strange coincidence which had brought me to that spot and left me planted in it; dwelling over the mysteries which seemed to envelope Chandos; over the ominous appearance of Mr. Edwin Barley. How long I remained there, still as a statue, I knew not, certainly an hour, when I was startled by observing a movement in the garden.

And a very extraordinary movement, too, if it was that of a human being. Something dark, the height of a tall man, appeared to emerge from the clusters of trees by the pathway, approach a few steps, and then dart in again: and this was repeated over and over again, the man advancing always. It was like the motions of one who wished to come on, yet feared being seen: a full minute he stood within those dark trees, each time that he penetrated them.

I waited, gazing eagerly: it did strike me as being so singular, and my heart beat with a sudden chill. As he left the trees behind him he stood for a moment in the open moonlight, and took off his cap as he looked up at the windows. He was enveloped in a dark concealing cloak, but I saw enough to recognize the features as those of Mr. Chandos, and he entered the private door in the wing of his mother's apartments—*stole* in, as it seemed to me, with a hasty, covert movement, like one afraid of being seen.

How had he got out of his room? That he had not come out of its door, I felt sure, for I had been so silent that I must have heard it, had it opened: besides, that door of his would only open with a jerk and a creaking noise. If there was another door to his apartment, it must lead into the wing inhabited by Mrs. Chandos. Why had he been dodging about in that strange way in the grounds? why was he enveloped in a disguising cloak and cap? why had he entered the apartments of his mother? now in the midnight hour, when he had pretended to retire, and everybody had gone to rest? There was mystery at Chandos.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REVELATION OF MR. CHANDOS.

"Good morning, Miss Hereford."

The words came from Mr. Chandos, who was following me into the breakfast room, having that instant quitted his own. The breakfast hour, eight o'clock, had struck, but Lady Chandos had not appeared: generally speaking she was punctuality itself.

"I hope you slept well, Miss Hereford."

"Perfectly well, sir, thank you. Better than you did, probably."

"That is scarcely possible," he laughed. "I fell asleep the instant I got into bed, and never woke till past seven this morning. That makes—let me see—it was eleven when we went up stairs; makes eight hours' sleep."

Why was he mystifying me? somehow it caused me vexation. I fixed my eyes upon his.

"You did not go to rest at eleven o'clock, sir."

"Indeed I did. Why do you say that?"

"Then, sir, you must have risen again within an hour."

"Be assured I did nothing of the sort. Don't you remember my remark to my mother; that I should sleep without rocking? I was dead tired last night."

"But why do you speak so to deceive me, sir?" I almost passionately asked—for in truth his deceit pained me beyond control, though I did not stay to analyze the reason why: I would rather he had struck me a blow. "I saw you myself in the grounds last night at twelve o'clock."

"Saw me in the grounds!" he echoed, with every apparent astonishment. "You were dreaming, Miss Hereford."

"No, sir; I was wide awake. You wore a cloak, and were dodging amidst the trees."

"You say that *I* was dodging amidst the trees!—that I wore a cloak!"

"Yes sir, I do say it, for I most certainly saw you."

"Then most decidedly, Miss Hereford, it must have been my ghost. Ghosts—"

"Are you here, Mr. Harry?" interrupted Hill, opening the door and looking in.

"So you are back, Hill!" he exclaimed.

"I have been back an hour, sir: came by the Parliamentary train. And I am glad I did come back, sir, for my lady is ill."

Mr. Chandos swung himself short round on his heel. "My mother ill! What is the matter with her?"

"Well, sir, I hardly know. I came to ask you to go in and see her?"

"She was very well last night," he exclaimed, striding up stairs in the direction of the west wing.

"You had better make breakfast, miss, as there's nobody to do it," Hill continued to me. "My lady won't be here. I'll order the urn in."

I made the breakfast, and waited; waited and waited. Mr. Chandos did not come, and I rang to inquire whether any was to be taken in to Lady Chandos.

My lady's breakfast had already been carried in by Mrs. Hill, was the reply of the footman.

At length he came, Mr. Chandos. His face was pale, troubled, and he appeared lost in inward thought. From the signs I gathered that Lady Chandos's malady was serious.

"I fear you have found Lady Chandos worse than you anticipated, sir?"

"Yes—no—yes—not exactly," was the contradictory answer. "I hope it is nothing dangerous," he more collectedly added, "but she will not be able to leave her rooms today."

"Is she in bed, sir?"

"No, she is sitting up. My tea? thank you. You should not have waited for me, Miss Hereford."

He took his breakfast in silence, ringing once for Hill, to inquire after Mrs. Freeman. Hill said she was no worse. Afterwards he went into the grounds, and paced them with his arms folded, his head bent, as if in thought. I leaned against the window of the oak parlor, equally buried in thought, and was somewhat startled to hear his voice close to me.

"Will you allow me to make a confidant of you, Miss Hereford?—and an apology at the same time?"

I stammered forth "Yes;" for he took me by surprise. His tones were cautious and low, as though he feared eavesdroppers, though no one was within hearing, or could have been, without being seen.

"You accused me of wandering about the grounds last night," he began, sitting on the stone ledge of the window outside, and putting his face within; "and I wrongly and foolishly denied it to you. As it is within the range of possibility that you may see me there again, at the same ghostly hour, I have been deliberating whether it may not be the wiser plan to impart to you the truth. You have heard of sleep-walkers?"

"Yes," I replied, staring at him.

"What will you say if I acknowledge to being one?"

Of course I did not know what to say, and stood there like a statue, looking foolish. The thought that rushed over my heart was, what an unhappy misfortune to attend the sensible and otherwise attractive Mr. Chandos!

"You see," he continued, "when you accused me of having been in the grounds, I did not know that I had been there, and denied it, really believing at first you were mistaken."

"And do you positively walk in your sleep, sir!—go out of your room, out of the locked doors of the house, and pace the grounds?" I breathlessly exclaimed.

"Ay. Not a pleasant endowment, is it? Stranger things are heard of some who possess it: they spirit themselves on to the roofs of the houses, to the tops of the chimnies, and contrive to spirit themselves down again, coming to no harm. So far as I am aware, I have never yet attempted that feat."

"Does Lady Chandos know of this?"

"Of course. My mother saw me last night, I find: she felt unable to sleep, she says, thinking of poor Mrs. Freeman, and rose from her bed. It was a light night, and she drew aside her curtains and looked from the window."

"You went into her apartments, sir, through the little door of the wing."

"Did I?" he uttered, looking eagerly up at me. "What freak guided my steps there, I wonder? Are you sure? Did you see me come out again?"

"No, sir. I remained at the window, but I never saw you again. I am sure you went in."

"I must have come out as soon as I entered, no doubt. A pity you missed the sight a second time," he continued with a half laugh: "I understand I had decorated myself off with a travelling cloak."

"I told you so, sir. And you wore a cap. As you emerged from the trees into the moonlight, you took the cap off, and turned your face up to look at the windows of the west wing. But for the view that I obtained then of your features, I should not have known it was you."

He sat still, pulling to pieces the petals of a white rose and scattering them one by one. "I trust I did not disturb you by any noise," he presently said: "in leaving my chamber I have to pass yours."

"On the contrary, sir, so entire was the absence of all sound, that I felt sure you could not have quitted your chamber after going into it. I concluded there must be another egress from it, opening to the east wing."

"Oh, you don't know how quiet and cunning sleep walkers are: the stillness with which they carry on their migrations is incredible," was his rejoinder, delivered eagerly. But I noticed one thing that he did not deny the existence of a second door. In spite of his plausible reasoning, I could not divest myself of the conviction that he had *not* left his chamber by the entrance near mine.

"How do you get back to your room?" I asked.

"Always by the way I leave it. How else should I?"

"And is it a nightly occurrence, sir?"

"What—my walking about? Oh dear no. Months and years sometimes elapse, and I have nothing of it. The last time I 'walked'—is not that an ominous word for the superstitious!—must be at least two years ago."

"And then only for one night, sir?"

"More than one," he replied, a strangely grave expression settling on his countenance. "So, if you see me again, Miss Hereford, do not be alarmed, or think I have gone mad, to be prowling outside the house at midnight, like a robber."

"Mr. Chandos, can nothing be done for you? to prevent it, I mean."

"Nothing, that I am aware of."

"If—if Lady Chandos, or one of your men servants, were to lock you in the room at night?" I timidly suggested.

"And if I—finding egress stopped that way—were to precipitate myself from the window, in my unconsciousness?—what then, Miss Hereford?"

"Oh, don't talk of it!" I shuddered, placing my hands before my eyes. "I do not understand these things: I spoke in ignorance."

"Happily few do understand them," he replied. "I have told you this in strict confidence, Miss Hereford; and you will allow it to remain such. My mother is the only depository of the secret; but you must be careful not to speak of it to her."

"And the servants do not know it?" I returned in a whisper.

"Not one: not even Hill. It would be most disagreeable to me, were the unpleasant fact to penetrate to them: neither might they be willing to remain in a house where there was a sleep-walker. The last time the fit was upon me, some of them unfortunately saw me from their upper windows: they recognized me, and came to the conclusion by some subtle force of reasoning, explainable only by themselves, that it was my 'fetch,' or ghost. It was the first time I had ever heard of ghosts of the living appearing."

"Do you think they saw you last night?" was my next question.

"I hope and trust not," he replied, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety. "The fear is worrying my mother. You perceive, possibly, why I have told you this, Miss Hereford? You would not be likely to adopt the ghostly view of the affair, and might have spoken of what you saw, in the hearing of the servants, or of strangers. You have now the secret: you will keep it?"

"With my whole heart, sir," was my impulsive rejoinder. "No allusion to it shall ever pass my lips." And Mr. Chandos took my hand, held it for a moment, and then departed.

I pondered over the revelation: it was a strange one: and I asked myself whether this physical infirmity, attaching to him, was the cause of what had appeared to me mysterious at Chandos. That it might account for their not wishing to have strangers located at Chandos, sleeping in the house, was highly probable. Why! was not I myself an illustration of the case in point? I, a young girl, scarcely a week in the house, and it had already become expedient to entrust me with the secret! Oh, yes! no wonder, no wonder that they shunned visitors at Chandos!

I quitted the oak parlor and went up stairs. Hill stood in the corridor.

"Lady Chandos is up, I understand," I observed to her.

"Well, I don't know where you could have understood that," was Hill's rejoinder, spoken in a sullen and resentful tone. "My lady up, indeed, ill as she is! if she's out of her bed in a week hence, it will be pretty well. Don't give credit to all you hear, miss."

Which was correct, Mr. Chandos or Hill? He had asserted that his mother was up; Hill now said the contrary: why should they hold to different tales? Each, when they spoke, had but just left her presence.

Hill went into her rooms again, now, as she gave me the short answer, and I remained in deliberation. Ought I, or ought I not to proffer a visit to Lady Chandos?—to inquire if I could do anything for her. It seemed to me that it would be respectful so to do, and I moved forward and knocked gently at the green baize door.

There came no answer, and I knocked again—and again, softly always. Then I pushed it open and entered, I found myself in a narrow passage, richly carpeted, closed doors being on either side. The green baize door made a noise in swinging to, and out rushed Hill from one of the rooms: if ever terror was implanted in a woman's face, it was so then in hers.

"Heaven and earth, Miss Hereford! do you want to send me into my grave with fright?" ejaculated she.

"I have not frightened you! What have I done?"

"Done! Do you know, miss, that no soul is permitted to enter these apartments of my lady, except myself and Mr. Chandos? I knew it was not he, for there he is in view under the distant pine trees: and I thought—I thought—I don't know what I did not think. Be so good, miss, as not to serve me so again."

Did she take me for a wild tiger, that she made all that fuss?

"I wish to see Lady Chandos," I said aloud.

"Then you can't see her, miss," was the peremptory retort.

"That is, if it be agreeable to her to receive me."

"But it's not agreeable, and it never can be agreeable," returned Hill, working herself up to excitement. "Don't I tell you, Miss Hereford, my lady never receives in these rooms? Perhaps, miss, you'll be so good as to quit them."

"At least you can take my message to Lady Chandos, and inquire whether—"

"I can't deliver any message, and I decline to make any inquiries," interrupted Hill, evidently in a fever of anxiety for my absence. "Excuse me, Miss Hereford, but you will please return by the way you came."

Who should appear next on the scene but Lady Chandos! She came out of the same room that Hill had done, and closing the door, held the handle of it in her hand. I was thunderstruck: not so much at her appearance, as at her looking apparently quite well. She wore her usual morning dress, a black gown and a widow's cap, and seemed as well as I was. In short, she looked just as usual. There stood she, gazing at the commotion. Hill made no ceremony, but took me by the shoulders as you would take a child, turned me towards the entrance and bundled me out of it, shutting the green baize door with a slam and propping her back against it.

"Now, Miss Hereford, you must pardon me; and remember your obstinacy has just brought this upon yourself. I couldn't help it; for to have suffered you to talk to my lady to-day, is almost as a matter of life or death."

"I think you are out of your mind, Hill," I gasped, recovering my breath, after the summary exit.

"Perhaps I am, miss; let it go so. All I have got to say, out of my mind or in it, is this: never you attempt to enter my lady's rooms in the next wing: they are kept sacredly private: and it's what would not be pardoned to you, after this warning, if you lived to be ninety years old."

"Hill, you take too much upon yourself."

"If I do, my lady will correct me, so do not trouble your mind about that, Miss Hereford. I have not been her confidential attendant for sixteen years to be taught my duty now. And when I advise you to keep at a distance from these apartments, miss, I advise you for your own good. If you are wise, you will heed it: ask Mr. Chandos."

She returned within the wing, and I heard a strong bolt slipped, effectually barring my entrance, had I felt inclined to disobey her: but I never felt less inclined for anything in my life than to do that. Certainly her warning had been solemnly uttered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

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NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

"WRITE ON ONLY ONE SIDE OF A SHEET."—In answer to a correspondent, we may say that, while this rule is not *imperative*, it is one which we do not like to see violated. Besides its other advantages, it renders any correction of the manuscript easier, and even seems to make the writing plainer.

THE MESSAGE.

The President's Message appears to give general satisfaction, so far as the argumentative portion of it, and matters immediately before the country, are concerned. It is written with Mr. Lincoln's peculiar simplicity and brevity, and is distinguished by clearness of statement and force of reasoning. Its disclosures relative to Fort Sumter, place the action of the administration in a very favorable light, and show that everything was done that could be done to avoid a collision.

The President proposes that at least 400,000 men and $400,000,000 be placed at the disposal of the government, to make the contest a short and decisive one. We learn from Washington that all was quiet during the reading of the message, until the clerk read the passage containing this recommendation. Then the whole House and the crowds in the galleries burst forth into tumultuous applause. That applause was a faithful indication of the temper of the country.

FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

The recent advices from France are not so favorable as previous ones. While there is little doubt about the sentiment of the French people, the course of the Government is more open to question. We quote three recent items of French news:

A recent French paper contains a correspondence between the merchants of Havana and the Minister in Paris. The merchants state that they fear the commerce of France may suffer from the state of things in this country, to which the Minister replies that he thanks them for their advice, but the French Government means to sustain her rights on this side of the world, and adds, that "*between the two portions of the once United States* of America, we will take care that the French flag is respected."

We read in the Paris letter of the Times, dated the 19th: "Captain Russell, who was appointed by the Minister of Marine to report upon the performance of the Great Eastern on her voyage to New York and back, has had audience of the Emperor at Fontainbleau. Captain Russell is stated to have expressed his opinion that a reunion between the Northern and Southern States is impossible, and that the establishment of two republics is inevitable. The armaments of the North, he says, are by no means so formidable as they are represented to be. Numerous regiments that figure on paper are reduced to a few privates, with the officers and staff *au grand complet*. He apprehends the same state of things exists in the South, and does not look on serious warfare as imminent for some time to come."

The following article on the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy appeared first in the *Patrie*, a French Ministerial paper, and was copied into the *Moniteur*, the organ of the Government. The Italics are ours:—

"It is said that negotiations will shortly be opened to effect the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between France and the court of Turin. Should those negotiations take place the result will be the recognition *de facto* of the Italian kingdom, composed of the provinces and of the States which have been placed under the sceptre of his Majesty, King Victor Emmanuel, consequent upon events on which France has now no opinion to express, but which have been accomplished under favor of the principle of non-intervention recognized by Europe. The renewal of diplomatic relations with Turin would not imply, on the part of France, as regards the policy of the Italian kingdom, any judgment on the past, or any responsibility for the future. It would show that the *de facto* Government of this new State is sufficiently established for it to be possible to entertain international relations with it, which the interests of the two countries imperiously demand. France, by her new attitude, would not pretend to interfere in any manner in the internal or external affairs of the Italian kingdom, which remains sole judge of its conduct, as it is master of its future and of its destinies. *It would act towards it as one day the great European Powers will act in the American question, by recognizing the new Republic of the Southern States when that Republic shall have constituted a government on a basis which will allow international relations to be entertained with it of advantage to general interests.*

The Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News* says that Mr. Dayton, the U. S. Minister, "has remonstrated against the assimilation of the Southern States of America to Italy," contained in the above article.

It is useless to deny that the three items we have quoted, especially taken in connection, would seem to denote the existence of very little sympathy on the part of Louis Napoleon towards the American Union. Of course France, and all other Powers, will recognize the rebellious states, if they are able to maintain themselves. It is our own rule to recognize established governments—it is the only wise rule of action. But, while this is the case, an announcement like the above has an appearance of prematurely forejudging the issue, which does not seem compatible with the existence of a very friendly feeling towards the legitimate government.—If Mr. Dayton's remonstrance does not meet with a satisfactory response, we may as well take it for granted that Louis Napoleon means to acknowledge the independence of the revolted states as soon as he decently can.

But does the Emperor of France care a particle more for the rebellious than for the loyal states? He would be a silly man who should believe that. Then what can he mean? Does he no longer think the existence of the United States as a great Power promotive of the interests of France and his imperial sway? Does he think that "between the two portions of the United States of America," to use the significant language of his Minister, there may be room for European intrigues, European interests? And thus the New World be "*exploited*," to use a phrase with which he is doubtless familiar, for the benefit of the Old? It would be wrong to charge the ruler of France with such unworthy thoughts, basing the charge upon what may prove to be merely the thoughtless expressions of his subordinates.

But in these significant hints that come to us from abroad, cannot the rebellious states see the danger to all of us which they are invoking? If they even succeed, in one sense, do they not see that they open America to the danger of becoming a second Asia—and thus constantly made subsidiary to the interests of Europe? Shall Confederate America be played off by wily Emperors, and equally wily Trading and Landed Aristocracies, against United America—and Mexico and Canada also be made cat's-paws to safely drag the plums out of the great Western pie? Americans—by whatever other name you may call yourselves—will you become mere cards and counters in the hands of European players, as Asia and Africa now are? Shall one small continent control all the rest of the world, for her own selfish interests? This is the great question now being decided in part in the present conflict.

We have readers in the uncertain Border States—we have readers in Canada—will not all of them take these questions to heart? United, this Continent shall stand, and control itself, for its own good—Divided up into little states, and we become the prey of Europe. The United States, so far, have protected not only themselves. The moral power of the mere existence of this Great Republic has rendered every people, and every colony even, more secure in its rights, from the Arctic circle to Cape Horn. Canadians, you owe us much. You are a freer colony this day than if we had not existed—you will be a more dependent people from the hour that we fall. Mexico, Central America, Brazil, even Chili, on the far South-West of the Southern half of the Continent, have reposed in greater safety under the shadow of our strength. Every European nation has known that we held ourselves to be, in an especial manner, the guardian and vindicator of the rights of this Western world. And we have had the power to make ourselves respected.

That power has sometimes been abused. We have sometimes worried the flock it was our duty to defend. But better ideas are now in the ascendant. In the range of the Union is all the territory we require. We have a Sparta—we mean to improve it. Canada on the north is in no danger of any sinful coveting of her broad fields—nor Mexico nor Cuba on the south. Any future annexations must be at the request of the adjacent countries themselves. With Canada—inhabited by a people of kindred lineage and language—we do indeed think a union desirable. We say it frankly, but not with any covert design. Not one moment before Canada is ready, would such a union be beneficial. But in the interests of this great American continent, and of a new and fresh civilization, and for the good of all, it is desirable that Canada should ally herself with us.

It is this great idea, the People of America for the Continent of America, which needs strongly to be enforced at the present time. The chimera of State sovereignty—of loyalty being due to little communities, powerless to protect their citizens—if it should prevail, would wreck the fortunes and happiness, not only of the United States, but of the whole Western World!

Therefore, push on the War. For the sake of our deluded brethren themselves, push on the War. Effectually to bar all danger of European interference, from King or Emperor, push on the War. To preserve not only this Republic, but the great cause of Republicanism itself, push on the War. The destiny of a Continent may hang on the balance. Without rash haste, but without ceasing, with all our energies of body and of spirit, quailing neither at drain of public treasure, overthrow of private fortunes, or cost of human life, let us push on the War!

THE WAR.

While everything seems to be preparing for an onward movement at Washington—the regulars, the artillery, and the most reliable troops being ordered to the front—the word "forward" has not yet been given. At Fort Monroe, also, things remain quiet.

It is said that the Grand Army will advance from Washington in three divisions, the right led by Gen. Tyler, of Connecticut, the centre by Col. Hunter, who has been in general command at Fort Corcoran, the left by Col. Heinzelman, who has been in general command at Alexandria, the whole under Gen. McDowell. There will be a fourth corps of reserve. Each division will consist of not far from 10,000 men.

In Northern and in North-Western Virginia, important movements are in rapid progress. Gen. Patterson, at the head of 13,000 men, principally Pennsylvanians, has crossed the Potomac, driven back the enemy at Falling Waters, occupied Martinsburg, and will probably soon move forward to attack Gen. Johnston, if he awaits his coming, at the small village of Bunker Hill, where he is said to have intrenched himself. Gen. Johnston's command is said to outnumber Patterson's, being reputed to be 15,000 men, of whom 600 are cavalry. We judge this, however, to be an exaggeration. Gen. Patterson has Burnside's Rhode Island battery, and Capt. Doubleday's.

Col. Stone is reported on his way to Harper's Ferry, and thence to join Gen. Patterson, with several thousand men.

Gen. McClellan's column seems to be concentrating for an attack upon Gen. Henry A. Wise, who is reported to be at Laurel Hill. Gen. Morris, with two Ohio regiments, is reported to have routed a division of Wise's army at Buckhannon on the 1st—the loss of the secessionists being 23 killed and 200 prisoners. Seventy-three horses also were taken. The Ohioans suffered no loss, except a few wounded.

Four Indiana regiments, and two of Kentucky, have taken up their march for Virginia, and others are to follow.

In Missouri, the U. S. forces are preparing for another attack upon Gov. Jackson, who has gathered several thousands of secessionists together. As things look now, July will hardly pass by without several very important engagements. May God maintain the right.

PATRIOTS OF '61.—This is the title of a series of handsome portraits of the notabilities of the war, engraved by A. B. Walter. Portraits of Scott, Ellsworth, and Greble are already issued. Mr. J. Dainty, 728 Sansom street, is the publisher.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

We see it stated that Major-General Fremont is deputed to head a large but select company, whose intention it is to pay a visit to several promising towns along the Father of Waters—especially to Memphis and New Orleans.

Certain citizens of those places have been expressing what is believed to be an affected desire to have a visit from their North Western brethren—and many others, who have said but little of late, are believed to cherish secretly the most intense longing to see the banner of the Union once more elevated high in their midst. Where there is such a general desire, real and affected, it would hardly comport with the character of a paternal government not to gratify it.

There has been a little delay in this visit, it is reported, owing to the want of the proper man to be the spokesman of the party. Gen. Lyon is said to be needed in Missouri, McClellan in Virginia, and Prentiss at Cairo. Fremont's return to the United States, furnishes, it is thought, the right man for the place. A number of gunboats will be immediately prepared for the expedition, as it is alleged that Generals Hardee and Pillow have made arrangements to give any visitors a warm reception. The former of these Generals has a very high reputation south—he having superintended the translation of a French work on Tactics—and has probably been sent west to complete his military education by taking a lesson from the even more celebrated Gen. Pillow on the art of throwing up intrenchments—this general being famous for always digging his ditches on what is generally supposed to be the wrong side, and thus so puzzling an old-school enemy as to what really is the outside or inside of his works, as to "throw him into confusion." We must admit that we have no general on the Union side who could meet Pillow on at all equal terms, unless it is Gen. Pierce. And we shall think it a great blunder in the administration, if Gen. Pierce be not attached to Fremont's command. In fact, if one army could be put under Gen. Pierce, and the other under Gen. Pillow, it would probably be a sight not only for the whole country, but for the whole world, to look on and wonder at.

THE COMET.

As every one of our readers probably has seen the comet for himself, we think it useless to describe this new appearance upon the celestial stage. We would call it a "fixed fact," only it does not seem to be fixed at all. Its character is as fluctuating as the principles of a pot-house politician. So far the astronomers do not seem to recognize it—and they evidently were not expecting it. For this reason we are prepared to hear rather a disparaging account of the new luminary. Judging by what they tell us, it is, or is not, the Charles the Fifth comet—with the chances so far rather against it. One of the newspaper reporters of this city, in a brilliant and flowing description, says—"Its tail covers *half* the heavens." We have never seen it so large as that—but then we are near-sighted. Its coming caused considerable coolness in the earth—at least we were conscious of a coolness on the part of the latter body, and suppose it was owing to the comet's unexpected appearance. Even the heavenly bodies probably may be put out by the sudden arrival of an unexpected visitor. Some think that the coming of this comet has a connection with the present troubles in this country—though the King of Siam, we believe, thinks it is all owing to his having got recently a new umbrella. The length of the comet's tail has not been computed yet; but, at a rough guess, we should say it was about 100,000,000 of miles. Its distance from the earth we infer to be at least as much, or else it might be dangerous for it to turn its tail in this direction; and we have no idea that this wonderful earth, which we have every reason to suppose is the pet planet of the whole universe, and the only one the higher powers take much thought of, would be allowed to be put in the least danger of such an inglorious end as being whisked into perdition by the tail of a luminary of no well defined and established character. For that matter, it is the general belief of many good men, that all the millions upon millions of comets, planets, stars, and suns exist only for the purpose of making the night look pretty to us important Earthians. A belief which being very flattering to our vanity, is one that is generally acquiesced in, and which we are not sure that it would be quite orthodox to call into question.

But we have wandered from the comet—which that body doubtless will pardon, being itself a great wanderer from every subject. Our own opinion of the cometic nature is a very profound one—being that comets are simply ordained to preserve the equilibrium of the universe. We would develope still further our ideas upon this important subject, but as nothing less than an octavo volume would be sufficient for the purpose, we think it best to defer our observations until we are appointed chief star-gazer to the government observatory at Washington.

Western Texas.—This portion of Texas, which is largely settled by Germans, is said to be on the point of following the example of Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee. Secret Union associations are said to be daily forming, and General Carpen, at the head of about 200 Unionists, is reported to have routed recently about twice that number of rebels. This news is very probably true, for there is no doubt of the Union feeling of Western Texas—though it may need to be properly supported before it acts vigorously.

Gen. Scott.—It is stated in letters from Washington that when the advance is made upon Richmond, Gen. Scott himself will take the field. If he does, it will infuse a fire and spirit into the soldiery that will render them irresistible.

"One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

ATROCIOUS.

The *Richmond (Virginia) Examiner*, of June 21st, contained the following paragraph:—

"Col. J. B. Hoge, with one hundred and thirty rangers, killed twenty-three Yankees, *and brought their scalps to the quartermaster*. He routed the rest, and drove them across the Potomac."

Could anything be more atrocious than the above? Just to think of men who have had the impudence to claim the possession of chivalrous qualities, not only employing savages in their service, but absolutely emulating one of the most infernal practices of those savages!

And a Richmond paper publishes the account of the foul deed—so far as we can learn, without a word of censure.

Moreover, the account says that the scalps were "brought to the quartermaster"—leading almost necessarily to the inference that a bounty was proclaimed on them.

The whole thing is so horrible that we cannot avoid hoping, for the credit of human nature, and of the American name, that there is some wretched and ill-timed jest hidden in the *Examiner's* paragraph, and that even Secessionism has not sunk quite so low as that.

EXPENSIVE SKELETONS.

It seems that Louis Napoleon's agent has informed him that the American regiments are only skeleton ones. All we have to say is, that at the rate they despatch ham, bread, coffee, &c., &c., as they pass through Philadelphia, bound South, they seem determined not to continue skeletons. Perhaps that is the reason they eat so—they are skeletons, and desirous of being "filled up." When Louis Napoleon gets the Secretary of War's report, probably he will be enlightened. We see the New York skeletons have already cost that State $10,000,000, and the Governor has issued a proclamation forbidding any more to be *raised* for the present. And, in this State, the Governor has offered fifteen more regiments to Mr. Cameron, which the government declines to receive. It is very transparent now how we get so many regiments—being skeletons, we have nothing to do but "raise" them.

Popular Feeling in England.—Mr. Harvey, Minister to Portugal, writes that the popular sentiment in England, Scotland and Ireland is almost entirely with the Union. He says:—

"I did not meet one man who expressed sympathy with the Southern movement.—Spurgeon preached to a congregation of over six thousand people last Sunday, and closed with a prayer for the North and the extinction of slavery. The response from that mighty multitude was like the muttering of distant thunder. Such an amen never fell on my ears before. That fact tells the feeling which exists among the masses in England, and which no Ministry dare resist.

"The public men whom I have met in Europe look to the new Administration with great confidence for a solution of the great problem which now convulses our unhappy country, and they seem to see in the means now adopted the promise of a satisfactory end."

A lady friend in England writes us to the same effect—though we think there has been a change favorable to the Union since the Union has shown that it has some life in it. In fact, it is no wonder, though a pity, that our friends abroad should have grown cold for a time, the Government simply lying still and taking kicks from the hoof of every traitorous donkey, as if it were indeed a dead, and not a live lion. Now that Jonathan's himself again, he begins to find his old friends.

Well Thought Of.—That was well done, the presentation of a flag on the Fourth, by the "loyal citizens of Baltimore," to the Massachusetts Sixth, the regiment which was assailed by the mob of that city. The stars are encircled with the following inscription: "The loyal citizens of Baltimore to the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts." Inside of this inscription, in another circle, are the words: "Pratt Street, Baltimore, April 19, 1861." Baltimore has thus made the *amende honorable*, and the sad bloodshed of April 19th should be regarded as washed out with noble and brotherly tears. Baltimore is really a noble city, full of brave men and beautiful women. A portion of her people have been a little out of their minds, but as they come to their senses they will see that the government has done nothing but what the imperative law of self-preservation—theirs as well as ours—required.

Judged by his Own Words.—A few years ago, Jeff. Davis was invited to attend the celebration of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, at Salem, Mass. In his letter of reply the following occurs:—

"To make war upon the government would be suicidal, and cannot be anticipated until madness and venality have usurped the seats of reason and virtue."

Have we not a right then to say that in the minds of those who are now making war upon the government, "*madness and venality have usurped the seats of reason and virtue*"—and that, moreover, they are attempting to commit a "*suicidal*" act. Suicide—yes, they are striving to commit both murder and suicide; to ruin alike us and themselves.

Would Not Believe It.—When Alexander Stephens's speech, declaring slavery to be the normal and safe condition of society was translated in Paris, the editor of a prominent journal would not believe it was genuine, as no man in his senses would promulgate such doctrine.

And yet it is even so. But what will the Paris editor say when he sees the quotation relative to scalping, from the Richmond Examiner?

An Enfield rifle ball makes two hundred revolutions per second, after leaving the barrel.

As the Enfield balls are so fond of *revolutions*, they are just the thing to send down among the secessionists. Even Gov. Pickens probably would be satisfied with "two hundred revolutions a second."

PERFUMES.

Reader of The Post, do you like perfumes? Yes—and No, I hear you answer. A lady sweeps by you in a crowded public place, a cloud of perfume about her which is as real a presence as the lady herself. Ten to one it is an infliction—an instantaneous revelation of close drawers and unaired clothing, mingling with, perhaps overpowering the original pleasant scent. You think of the fair young girl who passed you on the highway with a lily in her hand, its faint fragrance drawing your senses after it in longing for more, as her maiden modesty draws your soul. The contrast sets you to analyzing the charm of odors. Purity, freshness, delicacy, the qualities that please you in flower-scents are quite as imperatively demanded from their artificial imitations. How few who use the costly products of the perfumer's skill observe these conditions! Absolute purity is only compatible with the most recent toilette. Sweetness depends wholly upon freshness, and that is evanescent as morning dew. The fragrance that floats to you on the air from a bed of flowers seems a living, breathing spirit; its coy salute and fanning wings ravish you into elysium. You may prison the dainty sprite in your scent bottle, but be sure it will pine, sicken and die, and that very quickly. Your scent becomes a taint—disgust follows fast upon delight. Therefore people of the nicest perception are apt to prefer to take their perfume from the ministering hands of Nature; take it as a passing gift whose sweetness lies in its capricious and airy freedom.

The Temper of The Southern People.—We see it stated that at Martinsburg, Virginia, "The people of the town received the Federal troops with quiet, but deep manifestations of joy. Ladies and children thronged the streets in perfect security, and with laughing, joyous hilarity, within two hours after the troops had pitched their tents. After eight o'clock not a soldier, save the guard, was seen in the streets."

We apprehend there is scarcely a state engaged in the rebellion, in which large sections cannot be found, which would receive the United States troops with as much joy as the people of Martinsburg have manifested. The mountain regions—the very heart of the rebellious states—would all gladly return to their allegiance, and run up the old flag. Western North Carolina, Northern Georgia, and Northern Alabama only need the appearance of the Union forces to return to the fold from which they have strayed.

The Secession Army.—Judging by the annual appropriations made by the "Confederate State Congress," as officially given in the Richmond papers, there are 100 regiments of infantry, which would be about 80,000 men. Adding artillery and cavalry, 90,000 men would probably include the whole number. The greater portion of this army is probably in Virginia—there being, it is thought, about 20,000 men at Manassas Junction, and the rest scattered at Winchester, Richmond, Norfolk, Yorktown, &c. It is not likely that more than 30,000 can be concentrated at any point north of Richmond.

Good News from France and England.—Late dispatches from Washington say that by the last steamer official despatches were received, giving emphatic assurances that the English and French Governments will fully respect the blockade of the Southern ports, cotton or no cotton, and also that they heartily sympathise with the Federal Government.

It is also reported that the French Government had made satisfactory explanations relative to the article copied into the Moniteur.

Extra Session of Congress.—Congress met on the 4th. In the Senate, Messrs. Breckinridge and Powell, of Kentucky, Jonoson, of Tennessee, one Senator from Missouri, and two from Delaware and Maryland were from the slaveholding states.

Mr. Wilson, of the Military Committee, gave notice of bills to ratify and confirm certain acts of the President, &c., &c.

National Guard.—The bill for the organization of a National Guard, which Senator Wilson has introduced, provides for the enrollment of 240,000 men, between 21 and 35 years of age, to be divided into two hundred regiments, of twelve companies each, apportioned among the states prorata according to their representation in Congress. After six years' service, those who enlist are entitled to an honorable discharge, and to exemption from service on the jury. Eighty thousand are to be enrolled the first year, and the same number the second and third, so that a third may go out of service at a time. The President is to have power to call out the Guard, or any part of it, in case of invasion or insurrection, beyond the power of the civil arm.

The Volunteer Force.—The bill touching the volunteer fore empowers the President to appoint not exceeding six Major-Generals and eighteen Brigadiers.

Enlarging the Regular Army.—The The bill enlarging the regular army empowers the President to increase the old regiments to the standard of the new.

In the House, Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, was elected Speaker, and Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, Clerk. Whole number of votes for Speaker 159. Grow, 99, Blair, 11; Crittenden, 12; the rest scattering. Messrs. Blair and Colfax having withdrawn their names.

Votes for Cerk:—

For Mr. Etheridge	92
" Forney	41
" Dietrich	21
" Florence	2

In the House, in addition to members from the slave states represented in the Senate, five members from Virginia were present. The usual resolutions were passed, and then adjourned.

New Congressman.—Col. Biddle (Union Dem.) has been elected to fill E. Joy Morris's place in the Second Philadelphia district. The vote for Biddle was 3,986 to 3,768 for O'Neill (People's party). The whole vote was 7,754 to 13,517 a year ago. The papers generally opposed a party nomination.

A meeting has been held in London for the benefit of the fugitive slave Anderson and his kinsmen in Canada. He alleged that he was under the necessity of killing the man, so as to effect his escape, and the meeting fully endorsed the act. Another monster meeting in behalf of Anderson was to be held in Exeter Hall on the 2d of July.

LATEST NEWS.

Another Roorback, Probably.—Baltimore, July 7.—Henry May (Congressman) left Baltimore on Tuesday last for Richmond, where he now is. Various rumors are in circulation in relation to his visit. Previous to starting, he had an interview with President Lincoln, but whether in connection with his visit is not known. It is said to-day, that he was invited to Richmond by Jeff. Davis, and that he is accompanied by two prominent Pennsylvanians, both friends of the Government.

Washington, July 6th.—Intelligence has been received, to-day, that the Confederate forces under Jackson have joined the command of Johnson, and fallen back upon Winchester. On the road from the latter point to Alexandria they have located six heavy pieces of cannon, while six more are said to have been recently put in position on a farm near Vienna. Those on the Winchester and Alexandria road are said to be near Fairfax.

Western Virginia.—Gov. Wise, with a body guard of fifty men, under Capt. Patton, had been fired at by the native Virginians near Sissonville, and Wise and Patton were supposed to be mortally wounded. Forty of the guard are also said to be killed. Sissonville is in Kanawha county, about twenty-five miles from the Ohio river. The report is undoubtedly true in substance, but the wounding of Wise and Patton needs confirmation.

Washington, July 7.—Several regiments have been sent to Martinsburg to reinforce Gen. Patterson.

There will probably soon be a battle between the secessionists under Johnson and Wise, and the U. S. troops under Patterson and McClellan.

NEWS ITEMS.

East Tennessee.—The Union majority in East Tennessee is said to be 25,000.

It is believed, on the authority of the best scouts in General Scott's service, that the whole number of armed Confederate troops in Virginia is not more than 75,000 men, and that 25,000 of these are in and around Manassas Junction.

Dr. Richards, of Washington, who has been a prisoner at Richmond, confirms the statements concerning the scarcity of provisions, and the exaggerated number of troops.

There is no lack of facilities for arming all the U. S. troops that may be called into the field. There is an abundance of ordnance, stores and other implements of warfare.

The President.—We find the following little incident stated in the correspondence of an exchange which vouches for its entire authenticity. It will relieve the minds of some persons who thought that Mr. Lincoln had not decision and firmness for his trying position. The story is, that on the morning after the news of the bombardment of Sumter reached Washington, the President sent for Gov. Chase, and read to him his proclamation. The Governor was astonished, and asked, "Who has advised this, sir?" "No one; I wrote it myself, last night, and you are the first man who has heard it read. I shall read it to each member of my Cabinet, and it will be published to the world to-morrow." "Thank God, sir! the country is saved," was the reply.

An important reform in the British army has just been introduced by the Duke of Cambridge. He has abolished the purchase of commissions in the service. Soldiers hereafter must earn and deserve, not buy them. This regulation is said to have produced a terrible sensation in Tapedom.

We perceive that some of the Boston papers are complaining about gross cheating in the uniforms and equipments of their volunteers. New York ditto. So also Ohio. These, with our own, are the States of all others best able to fit out their men well.

Ninety-eight second lieutenants remain to be appointed in the twelve new regiments. It is intimated that these commissions are reserved for those who may distinguish themselves in the volunteer service.

Maj. Gen. Pillow issues two proclamations in *The Memphis Bulletin* of the 24th. One recalls the order that whiskey and tobacco be distributed with rations. He says he gave the order on his own responsibility, supposing the Military Board would allow it, knowing the soldiers were gentlemen, and used to plenty of whiskey and tobacco.

Western Virginia.—Gentlemen from Clarksburg report that on Sunday night week two regiments of Ohio volunteers, the Third and Fourth, went down from Clarksburg to Buckhannon, in Upshur county, and attacked a secession camp, killing twenty-nine and taking two hundred prisoners, together with a large lot of camp equipage, &c. The Federal forces had not a man killed or wounded.

Gen. Lee's wife, formerly Mary Custis, remarked a few days ago that her husband "had sweated great drops of blood because of the fatal step he had taken" in joining the rebels.

Fifteen Hundred negroes and white men have been set at work by the rebels between Manassas and Springfield station, and are filling up the railroad track. The object is to prevent the advance of Federal troops in that direction.

It is said in England that Spain has given a pledge that, whether St. Domingo is annexed or not, slavery shall not be introduced into the island.

The Pensacola correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser says that the steamer Vanderbilt, arrived at Fort Pickens on the 24th ult., and landed Wilson's Zouaves.

The Missouri rebel troops seem to be falling back on Arkansas, as Ben McCullough is out in a proclamation to Arkansas secessionists to rally at Fayetteville and sustain them.

Major-General Fremont is to command the "Western Department," which includes the State of Illinois, and the States and Territories west of the Mississippi and on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

The Great Eastern has arrived at Quebec with troops. At Liverpool, on the 27th, Cotton was firm, Breadstuffs growing firmer, and Provisions steady.

Confiscation of Rebel Property.—The Secretary of the Treasury says, in his report:—

"It will not, perhaps, be thought out of place if the Secretary suggests here that the property of those engaged in insurrection or in giving aid and comfort to the insurgents may properly be made to contribute to the expenditures made necessary by their criminal misconduct, as a part of the punishment due to the guilt of involving the nation in the calamities of civil war, and thereby bringing distress upon so many innocent persons. Congress may justly provide for the forfeiture of the whole or part of the estates of the offenders and for the payment of its proceeds into the public treasury."

In the Senate, Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, has given notice that he shall introduce "a bill to confiscate the property of all the Governors of the states, the members of the Legislature, Judges of the Courts, and all the military officers above the rank of Lieutenant, who shall take up arms against the Government of the United States, or aid or abet treason against the Government, and that all such persons be forever disqualified from holding any office of honor, emolument or trust in the Government—such property to be applied to restore to the Union men, in the rebel states, any losses they may have suffered."

THE BATTLE OF FALLING WATERS.

This battle was fought about two miles beyond Falling Waters, and within one and a half miles of Hainesville. It was between 3,500 Virginia troops and the advance of Gen. Patterson's column, composed of McMullen's company of Philadelphia Rangers, Philadelphia First City Troop, a Wisconsin regiment, and the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment.

Gen. Patterson's column, since the victory, has advanced to Martinsburg, Va. Gen. Scott is said to be greatly delighted with the victory, as it is one of the kind he likes—an important end being attained with little loss. The following is Gen. Patterson's telegraph to head-quarters:—

"Hock River, near Martinsburg, July 2d.

"To Colonel E. D. Townsend, Assist. Adj. General.

"Left Williamsport at 6 o'clock, A. M., to-day, for this place. We drove and routed the rebels, about 10,000 strong, with four guns, and now occupy his camp, with the loss, I regret to say, of three killed and ten wounded.

[signed] R. Patterson,
"Maj. Gen. Commanding."

It is said that Gen. Scott was so much gratified with this news that the President was roused from his sleep to receive it.

Gen. Patterson's report of the numbers of the rebels is probably a mistake, as Col. Dare found in one of the camps the rebels had just left, the following note unfinished:—

Camp Stevens, July 2, 1861.

Dear Sue:—I have written two or three letters to you and Ellen, but not being able to get them to the post-office, had to tear them up. Our nearest post-office is at Martinsburg, about four miles from camp. We have been at this camp nearly two weeks. There are about 3,500 troops here, all Virginia troops, under Col. Jackson. The troops from other States are at Winchester.

It is fair to presume that about the time the gentleman had proceeded this far with his epistle, something turned up which compelled him to postpone the latter part of it indefinitely.

The troops under General Patterson who crossed the river are estimated to number 13,000, with three batteries, Burnside's, Perkins's, and Doubleday's, and 500 cavalry. They are all Pennsylvania volunteers, with the exception of about 400 regular cavalry, the First Wisconsin volunteers, and Doubleday's artillery. The Fourth Connecticut are still at Hagerstown, and two Pennsylvania regiments at Williamsport, making about 16,000 in all under General Patterson's command.

The telegraphic account of the battle near Hainesville was exceedingly meagre and unsatisfactory. This fact may be accounted for by mentioning that the Government operator at Hagerstown became so excited, when the account of the fight reached him, that he shouldered his musket within a quarter of an hour to rejoin his comrades in Virginia. From the accounts in the Press and Inquirer we take the following:

The Potomac was crossed at an early hour on Tuesday morning, July 2d. McMullin's Rangers dashed in first, the City Troop and Gen. Patterson and staff followed, and after them came the two regiments of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania.

The remaining regiments took the matter less impetuously, and so lost their share in the honors of the battle. They marched leisurely into a field on the margin of the river, removed their boots, stockings, drawers, and breeches, wound these articles around their necks, and thus, with the whole lower portion of their bodies nude, and their white muslin shirts flying in the wind, preceded by a full band in similar undress, they plunged into the stream and reached the opposite shore.

Here they readjusted their dress, and avoided the wet garments and soaking shoes of their predecessors. Our informant states that the appearance of the regiments thus proceeding was ludicrous in the extreme.

It was full daylight when these latter regiments proceeded up the turnpike. Beyond the toll gate, the road hard and narrow, dotted with farms and groves, went meandering up and down the hills. The troops did not march shoulder to shoulder, but scattered along the way to eat blackberries and question the Virginians.

All the occupants of the farm houses came out to see them, and the girls waved their handkerchiefs.

Most of the people professed to be Unionists, and were, in semblance at least, glad to see their deliverers. Their own troops had spoiled them shamefully, turning their horses to graze in the unripe wheat fields, and exacting corn and meal without money and without price. A curious feature of the march was the appearance of many Union refugees, who hung to the skirts of the advance guard of our army. These people had been driven away just as harvest was shining upon the grain fields. They came back with songs and full hearts, often bursting into tears when their homes appeared to them again after absence and banishment.

Noticeable features of the "pike," too, were the gaps in the fences, where frequently dozens of panels were levelled, with the object of unembarrassed pursuit in case our volunteers should retreat.

Over the road, thus solid and pleasant to walk upon, our regiments walked into the pleasant farm lands of Virginia, bearing above them the flag that its people loved, whilom. They picked up in places knapsacks and canteens, dropped by the flying foe, all of which were marked with the inscription, "Virginia State Volunteers."

From some jackets and caps, &c., thus relinquished, our informant is enabled to say that no Pennsylvania troops are so miserably clothed. Their uniforms—gray, trimmed with black—were of the commonest kind of coarse "shoddy."

While thus marching along in the dawn, the hinder regiments, among which was the Scott Legion, heard the first peals of the cannon far ahead. Instantly every man fell into a run, and with wild shouts they broke away, anxious to be "up the road and at 'em." At each new peal their step became quicker, but laggard haste would not atone; the fight was over before they reached the ground.

With the latter regiments our informant—a civilian—was traveling. He instantly touched up his pony at the sound of the cannon, and dashed away in the direction of the firing. Coming to a frame farm house beside the road, temporarily converted into an hospital, he dismounted, and found inside the body of George Drake, of Company A, First Wisconsin Regiment. The deceased had been shot through the breast, and fell dead at once, exclaiming at the moment, "Oh! my mother." He looked as placid and fair, lying thus to wake no more, as if reposing in a gentle sleep.

Around him, grouped upon the floor, lay a number of wounded men, among them a secession soldier, who had been shot in the eye by a musket ball, which carried away the bridge of his nose and a part of his eyebrow.

The reporters of the newspapers, including Col. S. J. Rea, of this city, were here, note book in hand, interrogating the wounded as to the fight.

The secessionist stated that he had been a Union man, but impressed into the Virginia ranks under promised death in case of refusal. Our informant turned the coverlet down from his face, and the fellow looked up at him silently through his gashed and dripping eye.

The women in this house had rushed to the woods in the beginning of the action, but returned after the battle and cheerfully assisted the wounded, making mattresses and bandages for them.

Further on (five miles from the Potomac) they reached Porterfield's farm, the battle-ground proper.

It seems that Gen. Patterson and staff, with the First Wisconsin regiment and the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment (Col. Jarrett), preceded by the City Troop and Doubleday's battery, the whole led by Capt. McMullin and the Philadelphia Independent Rangers, reached this farm at seven o'clock in the morning. The enemy were drawn up behind the house, in line of battle order, with their park of four guns directly upon the turnpike, bearing upon our ranks.

McMullin's men were some rods in advance, and they first opened fire. The first cannon shot of the enemy passed over the heads of our men, a single ball striking the gable of Porterfield's dwelling, and passing out at the peak of the roof.

They fired badly, not a single cannon ball, during the whole action of a half hour's duration, inflicting a mortal wound. One ball passed between a soldier's musket and his cheek, and almost simultaneously, a second shot struck his gun, bending the tube double and sending the splinters into his face and breast. The man will probably lose an eye.

Their first discharges of musketry were aimed too high, but subsequently they aimed low, and most of the wounded upon our side were struck below the knees.

Our men advanced continuslly, loading and firing, until the Wisconsin regiment had approached to within three hundred yards, and McMullin's men were less than one hundred yards from the rebel's advance lines.

They must have lost, from all statements, at least one hundred in killed and wounded. Their ambulances were ordered to the front, and our men saw them heaping in the fallen, to be in time for retreat.

After firing for an hour or less, they retired at a rapid trot and in great disorder, seeming to labor to overstrip each other in their flighty purpose.

At Hainesville, three miles beyond, they made a second futile and shorter stand, but were driven back with renewed loss. This latter place had been the site of their encampment. Gen. Patterson was delighted with the Eleventh Pennsylvania and the Wisconsin regiment.

Our own troops had no sooner reached the village than they scattered on a pleasure excursion. One of the first places to which they paid their respects was the store and post-office of one Turner, the secession postmaster of the village. This man had particularly signalized himself for partisan meanness. He had been an applicant for the postmastership, but Mr. Myers, an opponent, was appointed; whereupon Turner received the appointment through Mr. Jefferson Davis' government. The latter procured the arrest of Myers upon the charge of treason to Virginia. He was thrown into prison, and condemned to die, but was released a few days before the battle.

Being thus particularly inimical to the soldiers and the Government, Turner's house was at once visited by the troops. They smashed his furniture and ripped open his beds, finishing the work by splintering the old family clock.

Turner himself was arrested in the woods, and brought into town, followed by his daughters. He looked very sheepish, and was at once put under guard. A secession flag was found in his place, and great numbers of envelopes marked "Confederate States of America."

His daughters—waspish young ladies—seemed solicitous only for their dresses. One of them, standing amid the wreck of her household goods, made piteous inquiries for a certain new bonnet that she had left in a band box in the second story. It being found that a soldier had put his foot through both band box and bonnet, she burst into a flood of piteous grief, and said: "They might have left that; none 'n 'em could wear it."

With the exception of these young ladies, no females were seen in the town, all of the softer sex having fled to Martinsburg and Winchester.

Before leaving Williamsport, a picket saw a man standing upon a housetop, waving a lantern. Said action was probably a signal to the enemy of the march of our troops. The man has been arrested and the affair will be investigated. Two regiments of Pennsylvania troops now guard this town.

The secessionists appear to have been well armed in this fight. Those taken carried Minie muskets of Harper's Ferry pattern. The enemy did not show very great courage.

The Color Sergeant of the Wisconsin Regiment was the first man wounded, but he bravely kept the flag up until some one came to relieve him.

Lieutenant Colonel Wilson, of the secession force, is said to be lying in a house, short distance from our camp, mortally wounded.

The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded, must be considerable. One man who witnessed their retreat, certifies, that he saw them carry twenty-seven dead bodies past his home, and that they had got their wounded into wagons and were taking them off as fast as possible. He says there could not have been less than fifty wounded.

Our men found three of their dead upon the field, and buried them with care after the battle.

The cavalry of the Rebels attempted to make two charges upon the Eleventh, but were broken and fled each time.

The pursuit was continued over three miles, and only ceased when the men became tired out trotting double quick and loading and firing in the hot sun.

The next move will probably be to Winchester, by the fields over which old John Brown looked admiringly on his way to the gallows and said: "How beautiful are the grain fields."

Government Despatches from Europe.—Washington, July 5.—The Government despatches received from Europe, it is understood, show improved dispositions in England. From France, the *Moniteur's* article, which afforded so much joy to the secessionist, has been explained away to the evident satisfaction of Secretary Seward, and from all Northern Europe, and from Spain and Italy, the most hearty and sincere expressions of sympathy for the United States in the present contest are furnished to this Government. No privateers will be permitted to enter into any foreign ports. From all these accounts there is rejoicing in official quarters that *secession is dead and buried in Europe*.

To Mount Blanc by Balloon.—A resident of Lyons is constructing a captive balloon, furnished with every accommodation for several tourists, which is to rise by means of the gas contained within its immense space, and will be brought down again by a rope attached to a steam engine. Thus, from the bottom of the Chamouni valley parties may soar to the pinnacle of the Alpine giant without danger of falling among the crevasses and precipices.

TWO DAYS.

April 19th, 1775. April 19th, 1861.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Fought the brave in former days,
  Pennons flashing o'er them,
Battles worthy of their blades,
  And the soil that bore them;
In the valleys, on the heights,
  Where the foemen met them,
Honest swords which bought our rights,
  Who can e'er forget them?

Cried the brave of former days,
  When the strife was over,
And the blood of vanquish'd foes,
  Dyed the summer clover—
Kneeling on their well won fields,
  Eyes with glory lighted:—
"God! we thank Thee, Lord of Hosts!
  Let us stand united!

"By these good, red swords which Thou
  In Thy might hath strengthen'd,
By yon noble flag which now,
  In the breeze is lengthen'd,
By the angel of our hearths,
  By our hopes of Heaven,
Bless our Union and out cast
  Discord's bitter leaven!

"If a heart forswears this cause,
  Let its blood be taken!
If a soul forsakes these laws,
  Let it be forsaken!
Let the councils of our land
  Worship and adore Thee:
Like a city on a hill,
  Let us shine before Thee!"

Would that skies so bright above,
  Would that mountains hoary,
Down had toppled on that host,
  A monument of glory!
Better die than live to see
  Discord's wild avatar,
Live to build a house on sand,
  Which the whirlwinds scatter!

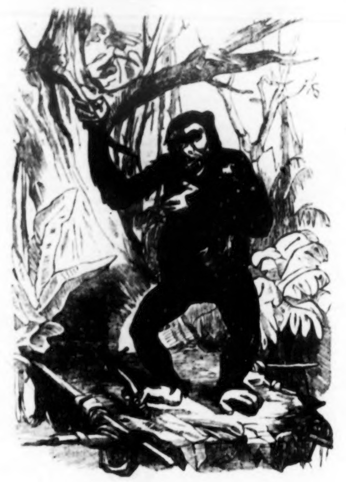
Oh, my country! Oh, my God!
  Must we fall forsaken!
Rolls the evil thro' the land,
  And the strong are shaken!
Father rises against son,
  Brother against brother,
In the shadows of the hearth,
  Moans the weeping mother!

Oh, ye brave of former days!
  Shroud and cere-cloth rending,
Draw your silent, slumb'ring blades,
  Haste to our defending!
Fill the olden ramparts up,
  Wave your airy banner,
Step by step win your old fields,
  In the olden manner!

Where your shining armor drops
  Down the tide of battle,
Bayonets will forget to thrust,
  Cannons cease to rattle;
And throughout the silent land,
  This pure prayer shall quiver:
BLESS OUR UNION, GOD OF HOSTS!
  UNION—NOW—FOREVER!

Philadelphia.

THE GORILLA.



THE GORILLA.

The "Gorilla" has been one of the recent excitements of London talk—and we give herewith a picture and sketch of the animal, ugly and monstrous as it is. The sketch is condensed from Du Chaillu's "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa."—

In Africa, the land of monsters, there are no animals more remarkable, and of which, till lately, less was really known, than those gigantic apes whose existence, and not flattering likeness to man, had been asserted and doubted till bones were brought over to England, which, on examination by competent naturalists, rendered the existence of some gigantic ape a certainty; and so much of the Gorilla as was then known was described. But now we know much more about him. Only a few months since, the return of an American traveller from the equatorial part of Western Africa loaded with the spoils of a chase of hairy four-handed savages instead of lions and elephants, has thrown a flood of light on this subject and cleared up almost all doubtful points, so that we are now as well-informed concerning these man apes of equatorial Africa as we were with regard to the hippopotamus and giraffe before they had been domesticated in the Zoological Gardens.

The unhealthy swamps on the shores of Africa south of the Guinea coast, and the country back towards the interior for a narrow strip of some sixty or seventy miles, is the home at once of the most degraded and fiercest of all human tribes, and of the apes that approximate most nearly to the human type. Not only have we there the fierce gorilla, the most powerful of the four-handed animals, but a strict vegetarian, and mischievous only for amusement, but also the fiercest of bipeds, animals called men, who are dependent on human flesh for their daily meals. The author, who describes to us the gorilla as the most hellish and fearful-looking monster that could be conceived, states that in the native African village he entered after bagging his first specimen of man-ape, he met a woman who "bore with her a piece of the thigh of a human body, just as we should go to the market and carry thence a steak." After being introduced to the authorities of the village, he was conducted to a house where he slept, and, on going out next morning, he noticed a pile of ribs, leg and arm bones, and skulls (all human), piled up at the back of the premises, this being the accumulation, we are led to suppose, of the waste of such food as ordinarily came to hand. Such was Mr. du Chaillu's introduction to Gorilla-land, and so low does human nature seem to have sunk where it makes its nearest approach to the brute.

Three species, all of very large dimensions, and each having some well-marked peculiarity of form and habits, have been added to the naturalist's list by the traveller we have just named. Of these the gorilla takes the first rank, although this and perhaps all of them have been vaguely alluded to in earlier descriptions of travellers before they were examined and their habits made out by the naturalist.

Up to the publication of Mr. du Chaillu's book, the chimpanzee of Western Africa, the orang-outang of Borneo, and the pongo from Batavia, were the only large apes of which any accurate account had been given, so that he at once doubles the stock of knowledge in this important department of natural history.

It may seem singular that animals which are certainly very common on and near the coast of Africa should have remained so long unknown to the multitude of persons who have for centuries traded in the immediate vicinity. But the swamps of a tropical river are not frequently visited out of curiosity, and had it not been that Mr. du Chaillu was born and bred in African malaria, it may be doubtful whether he would have returned to tell his tale.

The gorilla, in the judgment of Mr. du Chaillu, and, we believe, in the opinion of all who have seen the skin, the stuffed animal, or the drawings of the living animal, or who have carefully read the accounts that are given of him, would certainly bear away the palm of ugliness from all living creatures. Like all the monkey tribe, the fore extremities, or arms, are long and muscular in proportion to the hinder extremities, or legs, and the latter terminate with true hands, provided with opposing thumbs instead of feet and toes.*

Standing on its hinder extremities—which appears to be its usual posture when on the ground and not in actual motion—a large male gorilla attains a height of five feet nine inches, or perhaps occasionally more; but, in consequence of the vast size of the body and the unusual proportions, the animal looks to be much taller than he really is. The spread of the arms of such an individual is nine feet, and the circumference of the chest upwards of five feet. The hands are terrible claw like weapons, with one blow of which the creature can tear out the bowels of a man, or break his arms. Both hands and arms possess immense muscular development. The feet, or rather *foot-hands*, are of corresponding size and strength, the great toe measuring six inches in circumference, this being also the size of the middle finger of the hand at the first joint. The fingers are all short, and the nails short, thick, and strong, and often worn, but they are shaped like those of man. The head is almost as wide as it is long, and nearly of human proportions; and the foot, although wider in proportion than ours, and distinctly hand-like, is still more like the human foot than that of the other apes. Owing to its weight and habits of feeding the animal does not seem often to inhabit or even climb trees.

The head of the gorilla does not approach very nearly even to the lowest negro or Australian type of the human head, either in the form of the skull or capacity of brain, for the skull recedes further back, the facial angle different, and the brain barely half the weight. This baboon-like character, the form of the face, and its hairy covering, the deep-set eyes, the muscular development of the cheeks, and the projecting canine teeth, all combine to render the animal extremely frightful. When meeting an enemy "the grey eyes sparkle out with gloomy malignity, the features are contorted in hideous wrinkles, and the slight, sharply-cut lips, drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit." The vast paunch, swelled with berries and other vegetable food, protrudes before the animal in walking, and adds to the hideousness of its appearance, which is not improved by the iron grey hair covering its black skin.

Gorillas are only met with in the darkest and most impenetrable jungle, where they are found in pairs, the male accompanied by a single female. The male sits down on a rock, or against a tree, in the gloomiest corner, where the brightest sun could with difficulty penetrate, and the female feeds by its side, and gives the alarm by running off with loud and sudden cries and shrieks. In case of intrusion, when the female has departed, the male, after remaining still for a moment, with a savage frown on its face, slowly rises to his feet, and looking with glowing eyes at the intruder, begins to beat his breast, and, lifting up his round head, utters a frightful roar. This commences with several sharp barks, like an enraged or mad dog, and then follows a long deeply guttural rolling roar, continuing more than a minute. This roar, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep thunder of a coming storm, and is heard through the stillness of the forest to a great distance. The horror of the animal's appearance at such times is stated as beyond description, and must be fully appreciated, as it is not considered safe for the hunter to fire till he approaches very near. When aware of danger, and the gorilla determines to attack, "he advances by short stages, stopping occasionally to utter his diabolical roar and to beat his breast with his paws, which produce a dull reverberation as of an immense bass-drum. Sometimes, after standing for a while, he seats himself and beats his chest, looking fiercely at his adversary. When he advances his walk is a waddle from side to side, his short hind legs being evidently somewhat inadequate to the proper support of the huge body. He balances himself by swinging his arms as sailors walk on shipboard, and the vast paunch, the round bullet head, joined awkwardly to the trunk, with scarce a vestige of neck, and the great muscular arms and deep cavernous breast, give to this waddle an ungainly horror, which adds to the ferocity of his appearance." Mr. Du Chaillu states that he has had to wait for five minutes during this advance until the animal approaches to within from five to eight yards at which distance alone it is safe to fire. A shot in the breast is sure to bring him down, and the mark is broad, but if the shot should fail to hit a vital part or the gun miss fire, the chances of the hunter are but small, and if he runs he exposes himself to certain death.

The common walk of the gorilla when not enraged is not on his hind legs, but on all fours, and in this posture the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and the hind legs in running are brought far beneath the body, while the leg and arm on the same side move together, giving the beast that curious kind of motion already alluded to as a waddle. The female escapes by running away, seldom attacking, and even the young rarely seem to take to trees when pursued, preferring to escape by running. Both young and old can, however, climb without difficulty.

The strength of the gorilla is enormous. A young one of two or three years old required four stout men to hold it, and even then in its struggles bit one severely. With its jaws the grown male can dent a musket barrel, and with its arms break trees from four to six inches in diameter. In attacking it uses its arms; but in a close struggle no no doubt its teeth come into action, for the jaws are of tremendous weight, the muscles large, and the canine teeth or tusks exceedingly powerful.

On several occasions the young of the gorilla has been taken. Du Chaillu's hunter shot a nursing mother once—a wicked deed, as it seems to us. Our author says:—

After many disappointments, when out in search of the gorilla, with a negro escort, I at length obtained a view of the gigantic ape. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running towards the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my mark, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue no more we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us. I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they ran—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these "wild men of the woods."

In a short time the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring, large, deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet; death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

We were afterwards walking along in silence, when I heard a cry, and presently saw before me a female gorilla, with a tiny baby gorilla hanging to her breast, and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching, that I held my fire, and considered—like a soft-hearted fellow—whether I had not better leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired and killed the mother, who fell without a struggle. The mother fell, but the baby clung to her, and, with pitiful cries, endeavored to attract her attention. I came up, and when it saw me it hid its poor little head in its mother's breast. It could neither walk nor bite, so we could easily manage it; and I carried it, while the men bore the mother on a pole. When we got to the village another scene ensued. The men put the body down, and I set the little fellow near. As soon as he saw his mother he crawled to her and threw himself on her breast. He did not find his accustomed nourishment, and I saw that he perceived something was the matter with the old one. He crawled over her body, smelt at it, and gave utterance from time to time, to a plaintive cry, "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" which touched my heart. I could get no milk for this poor little fellow, who could not eat, and consequently died on the third day after he was caught. He seemed docile, for he already recognized my voice, and would try to hurry towards me when he saw me.

Later in the day we came upon one of our party whom we found wounded on the ground. We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met a gorilla suddenly and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breasts, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him. To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen yards. He stood his ground, and as quickly as he could reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank, bleeding, to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws. When we came upon the ground the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground, and go off into the woods.

On the whole, it would seem that no animal yet described can be compared with the gorilla for unsightliness, fierceness, strength, and hatred, and perfect fearlessness of the human race. In spite of all this, however, its skeleton makes a far nearer approach to the human skeleton than that of any known animal living or extinct. The most essential difference is in the brain capacity of the skull, for in all other respects the resemblance is so close as to amount to identity. Thus, the absolute height, the number of pairs of ribs, the number of vertebræ of the back, the form of the bones of the extremities (which are only relatively disproportionate), their dentition (the canine teeth only being greatly elongated in the male)—all these correspond almost exactly. Certainly this near approximation is not flattering, unless we regard it as showing how completely our animal structure is consistent with the most hateful animal development that can be conceived, and how entirely we are redeemed from being devils by that breathing into our nostrils the breath of intellectual existence and capacity by which man became a living soul.

Perhaps in all creation no greater miracle can be conceived than that crowning work which, selecting an animal the most unsightly, the fiercest, the most untamable, and the most treacherous of all, as the foundation, has, with scarcely a change in the bodily framework, produced the noblest and most intelligent being, the lord of creation, of which we are impressively told that he was formed "in the image of God." What the law of development could do, or whatever else the law of production of species may be, seems to have terminated in the gorilla. Intellect, a moral sense, and a soul being superadded, the gorilla is converted into a man, and when we compare the lowest and most degraded men, such as the native tribes of Western Africa or of Australia, with these prototypes in bony framework, the distinction is just as great, and the gulf spanned just as wide, as if we take higher and more developed types for comparison. The stupid, weak savage will still make a prey of the yet more stupid but enormously more powerful gorilla, for the one uses reason, and the other has only his instincts.

Thus it appears that in a small tract of the most unhealthy part of the coast of Africa, not indeed uninhabited by man, but containing only such tribes as have the smallest intellectual development, and are least civilized, there are in the thick forest no less than three newly-discovered species, in addition to one already known, of that curious family of large apes which approach nearest in size and form to ourselves. All of them are capable of walking upright on their hinder extremities, although these are more like hands than feet. All range from four to six feet in height when full grown; they are all very powerful, and all have bodies very large in proportion to their height. All of them are quite black in the adult state, and are covered more or less with hair, and all are strict vegetable feeders. None of them have tails. The canine teeth are very prominent in some of the species, but the great strength lies in the arms, the jaws, and the body. The voice is little known, except by the fierce roar of the gorilla, and the monotonous cry of the kooloo, but it has not in any case been recognized as articulate. These apes, with serpents and crocodiles, and a small sprinkling of elephants, hippopotami, leopards, and some large deer of various kinds, seem to be the natural inhabitants of the country. There are also insects in abundance, among which the ant holds the first rank.

And if, as we suppose, the earth is peopled with a view to ensure the greatest amount of good for all created beings, it is evident that in such a country these animals are the only ones adapted to the circumstances of existence. The men of such climates are of necessity low in the scale of creation, and were it not that they or their children would improve if removed to a better climate, they might take rank with the gorilla and the chimpanzee. It will probably be long before another traveller will be found to venture in Mr. Du Chaillu's footsteps, and give us fresh details of the singular apes he discovered, and thus it is well to realize to ourselves as far as possible these results of his late expeditions.

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* All the apes are *four-handed*, and are thus equally distinguished from the human race, with their two hands and two feet, and from quadrupeds, or *four-footed* beings.

HOW A DARKEY GOT TO EASTON.

The Easton Express relates the following incident how a darkey got to Easton on the Belvidere road:—

A genuine son of Ham, some sixteen or seventeen years of age, asked the conductor, Mr. ——, to let him ride to Easton, but he refused to do so. As the train was about starting, however, one of the hands employed on it told Sambo to jump on, which he did. After the train had been some time on its way, the conductor, in passing round to collect the fare, came to where Sambo sat, when the following dialogue ensued:

Conductor—"Where's your ticket?"

Sambo—"Got none, massa."

C.—"Who told you to get on?"

S.—"De gentleman on de injin."

C.—"Well, I want you to get off at the next station."

S.—"Yes, sa."

At the next station, sure enough, Sambo got off, but when the conductor called out "all aboard," he jumps on again. Presently Mr. Conductor, in going his rounds again, came to where Sambo sat, when the dialogue was revived:

C.—"Didn't I tell you to get off at the last station?"

S.—"Yes, sa, so I did, but den you say 'all aboard,' den I pops on agin."

C.—"Well, now I tell you to get off at the next station."

S.—"Yes, sa, I will."

At the next station as before, Sambo got off, and at the words "all aboard," he jumps on again. The train had sped some distance on its way, when the conductor was not a little surprised and chagrined to find his colored passenger still aboard.

C.—"I told you that you should get off at the last station? Why didn't you do so?"

S.—"I did, sa; but den you said agin 'all aboard,' den I jumped on agin."

C.—"Well, you've rode so far, I guess you may ride the rest of the way."

THE VENTILATION OF CUPBOARDS.—In the sanitary arrangement of houses, even for the richer classes, the ventilation of cupboards is neglected. In places let out in tenements, closets are the receptacles for bread and fragments of various other kinds of food. Often the dirty cloths are put away in those places waiting for the washing. It is therefore most important that air should be plentifully passed through such corners; generally, however, there is but little arrangement made for this purpose. The doors are kept close, without any perforations. There are no ventilators in the walls, and in consequence those places become cases of polluted air, which, when the doors are opened, escapes over the apartments. This defect is visible in nearly all houses of old date, and while looking at some dwellings of recent construction, it is seen that, although care has been generally taken to ventilate staircases and rooms, the cupboards are in this respect neglected.

☞ The San Francisco Times uses the following language:—"If the country must go to fragments or to the devil through the treason of its people, let it go with colors flying, with guns flashing, and the smell of sulphur in advance. If it is to die, let it die with harness on. It was born in storms and tempests—let it die in earthquakes and flames."

THE FRENCH REGIMENTAL BARBER.

A peculiarity of the French army is the regimental barber, who nearly always serves his apprenticeship on the cheeks of his brothers in arms; and it is a rough apprenticeship as far as the cheeks are concerned. We would not wish our worst enemy to come under his razor and try his lightness of hand. Before entering the service he was probably a mechanic, a carpenter or mason; his good conduct has obtained him the important post of barber, and henceforth he wields scissors and razor with more conscientiousness than success. This post is one of the most envied in the regiment, and the man who holds it is no little proud of it. In the first place, he receives a monthly pay resulting from small stoppages of the soldiers; next, he has permanent leave till ten o'clock, P. M.; and lastly, he is exempted from a good deal of duty. But it must not be supposed that the office is a sinecure; the barber is responsible for all the heads of his company; if the beards are too long, or the hair beyond the regulation length, he is responsible for it. There are the regulations, he must carry them out to the letter; hold an inspection, and shear his comrades as close as possible, frequently much against their will.

There are men very fond of their hair, that natural ornament of man. The smart soldier would like to wear his hair long, perhaps that a young lady's hands may ruffle his curls; but the regulations are pitiless. Said a worthy corporal once: "From the moment that the hair is seizable by the hand it requires to be cut." All sorts of schemes are naturally employed by the natty trooper to save his hair; he wets it every morning, or fastens it down on his forehead with cosmetics. But his labor is in vain; the officers are up to their tricks, and the delinquent and the responsible barber generally get four nights' guard-room. The old foxes do not have recourse to these clumsy methods, but pretend to be deaf, thus obtaining from the surgeon-major permission to wear long hair. Review days are terrible to the barber, for in less than two hours he must have two hundred beards, without counting the hair cutting. He should be seen then with his sleeves tucked up to the elbows, armed with his tremendous razor, which he has not found time to set; the soldiers lather themselves beforehand, and seat themselves one after the other on the bench of punishment. The thing is done in a twinkling—the strongest beard cannot resist, and the bristles that decline to be cut off are plucked out; the cheek may bleed but that is a very slight affair, for what is a scar after all to a soldier? The barber is a conscientious man; if he cut off the tip of an ear, for instance, he is very careful to restore it to the legitimate owner. The troopers fear the razor, but ridicule the barber; they call him the butcher or the flayer, though in a low voice, for if he were to hear them he holds vengeance in his hands. In all the regiments that have fought in Algeria the barber has a tortoise-shell for a soap-dish.

There are a multitude of legends current in the army of which barbers are the heroes. First among them is that of Barber Plumepatte, who belonged to a cavalry regiment. This barber, who by the way was very clever, possessed a most vindictive character. Punished one day most severely by his captain he swore to revenge himself, and said openly he would kill the man. These threats soon reached the captain's ears, and he sent for Plumepatte. "You have sworn," he said to him, "that you would kill me; it is boasting on your part, for you would never dare to do it. Stay, I will give you a fine chance: bring out your tools and shave me." The terrible Plumepatte was completely disconcerted: he set to work, but did not dare to carry out his threats. Never, on the contrary, had he made so clean a shave. On another occasion, when in the field, the barber of a line regiment was summoned to shave the commander-in-chief. We can imagine whether the poor fellow's hand trembled; in fact, when the operation was finished the general's face was one mass of blood. The unfortunate barber, horrified at what he had done, trembled in all his limbs, and began apologizing as well as he could. "Stay," said the general, "there is a Louis for you. If your hand had not trembled in shaving your general you would not have been a true soldier." In action the barber becomes a fighting man, like the rest; the troops, blackened by gunpowder, neglect their beard and hair. "When you find water in Africa you drink it, and do not amuse yourself by dissolving soap in it," say they. It happens, however, at times, that the regimental barber is a real shaver, understanding his trade, and who exercised it honorably before being called out. In such cases there is rejoicing in the squadron. The troopers like being shaved by this rare man, who never makes any gashes, whose razor, ever carefully sharpened, causes them no pain. The non-commissioned officers give him their custom; he becomes their favorite, an indispensable man, and they will even go so far as to allow him a little familiarity. After all, though, Louis XI. made his barber prime minister.

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but one hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour, and after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

☞ "Go to grass!" said a mother to her daughter.

"Well, then, I 'spose I'll have to marry," ejaculated the fair damsel.

"Why so?" inquired the astonished mother.

"Because all men are grass." The old lady survived.

SEVERED.

Weary is the life I lead,
  Beating air with vain endeavor;
Love is left to weep, to bleed;
  Those dear eyes are closed for ever!
  Closed for ever and for ever!
Not again shall I behold thee,
Not again these arms enfold thee!
  Thou art gone for ever!

Nothing now is left for mirth;
  All my dreams were false and hollow;
Thou, alas! has left the earth;
  May it soon be mine to follow!
  Mine to pass the veil and follow!
Eyes of olden hours shall meet me,
Lips of olden love shall greet me,
  In the day I follow.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXXVII.

This is a gentle trader and a prudent—
He's no Autolycus, to blear your eye,
With quips of worldly gauds and gamesomeness;
But seasons all his glittering merchandise
With wholesome doctrine suited to the use,
As men sauce goose with sage and rosemary.
—*Old Play.*

Erle Gower, excited by his recent interview with Beatrice Stanhope, and as well by the awful appearance of her father senseless in his sudden fit of apoplexy, made his way to Pengreep's with no little difficulty. Weakened by his wound and by confinement, he found the way long and toilsome, and paused once or twice, doubtful whether he should be able to command strength sufficient to reach the old man's residence, but he persevered, for the more he reflected upon what had transpired between Sir Harris Stanhope and himself, and the explanation he had had with Beatrice, the more confirmed he became in the belief that a deep scheme had been laid by Lord Kingswood to get rid of him, and that Sir Harris Stanhope had been acting as a willing and unscrupulous agent in the plot.

This conception, almost a conviction, only determined him to perseveringly prosecute his mother's claim and his own for his justice. He wanted but a link or two to comprehend his whole history, and he had a strong impression that Pengreep could supply it. Armed with conclusive evidence, he believed that he saw his course clear enough, and decided that he would enter into no compromise, acquiesce in no plan, or pursue any path which stopped short of the full recognition by Lord Kingswood of his claim to be his son and heir.

With this thought paramount in his mind, he paused before the door of old Pengreep, at Gray's Mount, and gazed wistfully up at the house. He perfectly well remembered Pengreep's unsought offer of friendship, as well as the strange assertion that he had a deep though hidden interest in him, and he resolved now to test the former, and, if possible, ascertain the nature of the latter.

The door opened even while he thus reflected, and he perceived old Neziah Pengreep standing on the threshold regarding him with a very remarkable expression lighting up his wrinkled face. "Enter here, oh prospective Lord of Kingswood! I have been awaiting your coming."

Erle ascended the steps, and was conducted up a flight of stairs to the room which had for a short time served as his sitting-room. Old Pengreep pointed to a seat. "Sit down," he cried. "Sit down, Erle Kingswood. Destiny first directed your steps hither; instinct has, secondly, brought you to me. You will have no need to pay me a third visit, for we will not separate now until you have your own and I have mine—mine—mine!"

Erle seated himself as directed, and old Pengreep laid both hands upon his shoulders, and stooping over him, looked into his face. "You have been enduring trial and suffering pain," he said, in a short, sententious manner. "Lord Kingswood, and, aye, Horace Vernon, have subjected you to trial, but who has inflicted the pain?"

"I have been wounded—do you refer to that?" inquired Erle.

"Wounded!" echoed Pengreep. "Whose hand struck the blow?"

"It was the deed of an assassin," responded Erle. "I was lately confined by Lord Kingswood, at Kingswood Hall, in an old chamber in the eastern wing. An enemy, by an artifice, drew me to the window and then fired a pistol at me. Fortunately the ball took an oblique direction, glanced from a rib, and passed almost harmlessly through my side. The aim was a deadly one, but Heaven averted the fatal direction of the bullet."

"An enemy," mused Pengreep, "an enemy," he repeated, with stern amazement. "You do not, in the name of all that's human, intend me to believe that Lord Kingswood placed a hired ruffian in the Chace to slay you by a stratagem?"

"Unquestionably not," returned Erle, quickly and emphatically. "The hand that directed the bullet at me I had disabled in a previous conflict between us. Unable to cope with me in fair combat, he, I presume, took that mode of settling the rivalry that subsists between us."

"Aye," cried Pengreep, thoughtfully, "I told you when you came hither that you had blood upon your hand; but as I ascertained that you had not been pursued by the officers of the law, I presumed that, in one of those fits of passion peculiar to the Kingswood blood, you had wounded a servant, and the matter had been compromised. Tell me—and be assured that mine is no idle curiosity—whose hand it is that has been raised against your life, and what is the nature of your rivalry."

"Mr. Pengreep, the rivalry is one I for certain reasons will not describe," returned Erle, coldly, "and the name of the individual who fired at me can be of no moment to you, as I alone shall take upon my shoulders the responsibility of settling the matter."

"You don't know, you can't tell," exclaimed old Pengreep, sharply. "One especial reason for declining to explain to me the character of the rivalry between you is, I presume, that the name of a third person would be involved."

"You are correct," answered Erle, almost curtly, "but permit me to say that the subject to which you are alluding has nothing to do with the subject of my visit to you."

"It appears to me that it has a very great deal to do with it, young gentleman," responded Pengreep. "The third person is a lady; the rivalry is to gain her affection. For your future success—if traditions are trustworthy—the Lady Maud St. Clair should be the name of the third person, and that of your rival Philip Avon."

Erle rose to his feet, and then reseated himself; his face alternately became scarlet and white. He was vexed that he could not preserve his equanimity, especially as the glittering eye of Pengreep's was fastened upon him. He waved his hand with an impatient gesture. "Surmise what you will," he said, muttering rather than speaking aloud; "I do not intend to make you my confidant in the affair."

"Yet you seek from me important and secret revelations," returned Pengreep, quickly. "You will not hesitate to question and probe me to the very quick; all the knowledge I possess of your true history you are here to ransack. Confidence for confidence, my friend. I will not, however, press the point now, but if you require me to make a clean breast to you, I shall expect you to have no reservations from me."

"I have no reservations but such as I am bound in honor to make," responded Erle, thoughtfully. "Indeed, I am too deeply interested in opening up an unreserved communication with you—if, as I presume, you possess the knowledge of certain facts, I am anxious to collect—to be selfishly reticent."

"Well, well, and so you are—so you are," muttered Pengreep, "and in truth, what I wish to know you cannot conceal from me if you would."

"You told me when last I was in this chamber that I had a mission and a destiny," rejoined Erle, fastening his eyes steadfastly upon him. "Ishmael has made the same assertion, if in other words; both have left me to guess what the first is, and what the latter may be. It would be acting an untruthful part if I were to pretend that I had not a very decided impression respecting the nature of my mission. My destiny will not be what you, Ishmael, or any other human creature may predict, but what Heaven alone shall will. To work out my mission, Ishmael placed me in Kingswood Hall, a creature of terror to Lord Kingswood, a mystery to all within the household, to myself a thing at times the most hateful, at others the most wronged. But every scintilla of knowledge which would enable me to determine the nature of the right by which I stood beneath Lord Kingswood's Hall, and the wrong I was there to redress was kept from me, save that some vague admissions were made, which deterred me from acting, and but too frequently forced a burning blush of shame and humiliation to my cheek which ought never to have been brought there. I am sick of these vague insinuations, these implications, hints and suggestions. I want facts, I care not how few. One, indeed, will determine. I am or I am not of honorable birth. If the former, I will pursue my right until it is acknowledged or I perish; if the latter, the world shall hear of me no more. You, Mr. Pengreep, addressed me on my appearance here a few minutes since as the prospective Lord of Kingswood. Such words are flattering in the ear, but they become insult when they are untruths. I am, therefore, here to require from you—to intreat, implore you, if you know and can prove the particulars of my birth, to impart them to me."

"I can do this, and I will, for your hour and mine is come," exclaimed Old Pengreep, with a peculiar vehemence. He rose and went out of the room with a hurried step and an excited manner, and returned with the packet of papers which had been pilfered from him by Pharisee and Albertina Pharisee, *nee* Virgo, and which he had recovered at such a critical moment, and in so remarkable a manner.

He held them up to Erle. "Your title, your estates, your name, fame, happiness, are contained in this insignificant-looking packet," he exclaimed, with a species of high-wrought enthusiasm, and then placing them on his knee, a peculiar grin wrinkled up his face, and made his eyes almost disappear.

"They were nearly lost to you for ever—for ever," he said, with a growling sort of chuckle; "they were all but in the hands of Lord Kingswood, and if they had but reached his vulture like talons, they would as immediately been reduced to ashes, and have rendered your claims, so long as Lord Kingswood chose to disown you, not worth a rush. But I had a suspicion that my relation, by a kind of fortieth-marriage remove, Miss Albertina Virgo, and my housekeeper also, was playing me false. I discovered, by an accident, that she had commenced a bold, audacious, barefaced, and shameless flirtation with the valet of Lord Kingswood. I detected that some plot was in operation against me, the success of which was to be rewarded by converting the ancient spinster Virgo into the blooming bride Pharisee. When absent, I placed a watch upon my house, and my vigilance was rewarded by my spy detecting Pharisee and Virgo in the act of flight; he followed, marked them down, and enabled me to come up with him at the moment the spinster no longer was placing in the hands of the newly-made bridegroom this packet. Pheugh! It was a lucky touch. However, here they are, safe and sound, unflawed, unblemished, legal documents!"

"Give them to me," cried Erle, with nervous excitement.

Old Pengreep put the packet behind him. "Wait a moment," he said, with a sharp emphasis. "Tell me how much of your history Vernon has communicated to you."

"Absolutely nothing upon which to hang a proof or even belief," replied Erle quickly.

"So I suspected," he rejoined, with a sneer. "Have you received any suggestions, assertions or communications respecting your origin from any other living person?"

"Yes," he added, thoughtfully.

"From whom?" asked Pengreep, quickly and eagerly.

Erle, with some hesitation, briefly related the heads of his recent visit to Kingswood Hall and his interviews with Eldra.

The name of the old woman of the hunting-lodge had a remarkable effect upon old Pengreep. He listened with an intensity of attention to every word respecting her which fell from Erle's lips, and when he had concluded he paced up and down the room. "Strange and wonderful," he muttered. "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God!' The fool hath said in his heart, too, 'There is no veiled department of nature which hath the power to make revelations to that which is unveiled, tangible, living, moving, breathing.' As well say there is no Great, Wise, Directing Hand!"

He turned sharply to his young guest, and exclaimed—"Had I been less obtuse, less blind, less wilfully ignorant, I should not be thus as you see me. You have, at Kingswood, moved in wonders. I, too, moved there, surrounded by mysteries which, because I could not comprehend them, I therefore scouted and contemned. Like many who have discarded the truths of religion in their youth, I come back to belief at last. Not a superstitious, unmeaning credence founded in terror, but a belief founded upon truths I am unable to explain and quite as unable to prove false. So now I see how our ends are shaped for, and not by us. We set out with propositions, and we end by finding that the dispositions which have produced results have not been ours. I have been astute, shrewd, sagacious, thoughtful. I have achieved a certain success, but not that which I sought. My life has been a mistake. I have tasted the miseries, stings, disappointments, ingratitudes which the world has to bestow—but none of its enjoyments. I have lived for a purpose, worked for a purpose, and there is a dawning rising before me, to show me that I have wasted my opportunities, circumscribed my energies and destroyed the better part of my nature for a chimera which is being rapidly dissipated."

"He shrugged his shoulders sharply, and then flung his hands in the air and groaned. Then he seated himself before Erle, and said, as he commenced to open the packet which he had brought from his own room—"To these papers there is attached—necessarily, a preliminary history. Although you partly know it, I will give it you in a condensed and succinct form, so as to enable you at once to attach the links which are missing to you, and to understand the purport and the value of each of the papers I am about to place in your possession."

He paused for a moment, as if to call upon the powers of his memory, and then drawing a deep breath, he said—"I must go back, in order that you may clearly comprehend your own history, and the relation in which others stand to it, to a period antecedent to the mysterious placing of the child named Erla Kingswood at the door of the old hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chace. At one time there was a branch of the Kingswoods, numerous in family, and unfortunately conspicuous for the profligacy of its males and the exceeding beauty of its females. The men came each to an untimely end, and the women to some disastrous fate or other. The mother of Erla was young and exceedingly lovely. She was a Kingswood, but by a very distant branch of the family, which is strangely reunited in your person, as being the son of her daughter and of Lord Kingswood—"

"You speak with decision respecting my paternity," said Erle, interrupting him with some little eagerness.

"Because I only want one small proof to complete your identification beyond the shadow of dispute," returned old Pengreep. "Do not, however, interrupt me. The mother of Erla was seen by one of that branch of the Kingswoods of which I have just spoken. With a glance at her face he surrendered his heart to her. With the impetuosity of his race he wooed her in secret—married her in secret. He bore her from her home, kept her secluded from her own family and his, because both were engaged to be married, Erla's mother to a nobleman of high rank, and her young husband to an heiress of vast wealth. He only awaited his coming of age to acknowledge his clandestine marriage, for he loved his youthful and lovely bride passionately; but unhappily she died in giving birth to Erla. In his frantic grief at this sad event he revealed the truth to his father, who cunningly listened to him with seeming tranquillity, although he was infuriated with passion, soothed, caressed, and did all to assuage his son's grief. He took charge of the child apparently, but despatched it with the note, of which she spoke to you, to old Eldra—Eldra, whose unhappy history he knew, villain as he was, but too well. He tricked his son into a belief that the child Erla, too, had died, and thus persuaded him to wed the heiress to whom he was betrothed. The match proved an unhappy one; he became recklessly profligate, and in a drunken outrage which he committed was slain. His father died shortly after him—and thus Erla was never claimed or removed from the hands of old Eldra. But, as the only child of Walter Kingswood—who died without issue by his second marriage—she became entitled to the vast possessions he enjoyed at his death, and which since have passed into another channel. You are, however, the true heir to them—as in fact, you are to the race, for in your person now there is united the direct line with that of the most remote—and you will easily be enabled to recover them, for the proofs of the marriage of Walter Kingswood with Erla, his cousin—several times removed—rest with me."

"You!" exclaimed Erle, with surprise.

"They are in my possession, and in due time shall be at your service," replied Pengreep, in the tone of one who feels that he is making a great sacrifice. He uttered a sigh, and continued—"To proceed with my story, which I can now bring to a close in a few words. When Erla had reached her girlhood, and was yet in her seclusion in the Chace, the present Lord Kingswood by accident beheld her. He afterwards came frequently to try and obtain interviews with her, but only partially succeeded in these attempts when Eldra discovered them, and in order to frustrate them removed her to the residence of one who had been a friend in days long past; and knowing Eldra's history, pitied, and would, if she had been permitted, have befriended her. The place to which she was removed was the mansion of Mr. Vernon, at Huntingford—her friend Mistress Vernon, a widow. Horace Vernon, returning from college, fell deeply in love with Erla, and his suit honorably proposed, and as honorably sustained, though not actually accepted, was not denied. It appeared to progress favorably, when Horace Vernon, in an evil hour, brought home to Huntingford Lord Kingswood with him. Erla loved him. Under protestations of honorable intentions, vows of constancy, and all the bubbling forth passion instigates, he implored her to fly with him. The ban of the House was upon her, and she consented. Lord Kingswood was young then, and not so much a villain but that he made a show of keeping faith with her. Almost at their first stage, it may be said, they, to calm her fears, went through the ceremony of marriage. Here a deep plot was laid to deceive her. Sir Harris Stanhope was the instrument; but Providence defeated their infamous project, and the ceremony was legally performed in the eye of the law, and sacred in that of heaven. There, in fact, is the entry in the parish register-book, which has been subtracted in order to preserve it; and there you will see the signatures of all engaged in the ceremony properly attached. I have here also a copy which was written by the clergyman who performed the marriage."

Erle took hold of these papers, and his hand trembled as he perused them with intense earnestness and in deep silence.

No wonder that his lip quivered, and his eyes were filled with glittering moisture, for it seemed to him that even as he gazed upon them the spirit of his dead mother hovered over him, calling upon him to register her name, fair and unsullied, in the annals of the House of Kingswood.

While he remained yet silent, and in deep emotion, Pengreep continued the history of events to the trial and acquittal of Erle's mother. "The blow was too heavy for her," he said. "Vernon sought, after he had rescued her from the verge of an ignominious death, to restore her mind to something like composure—to assuage her griefs, and to assure her redress; but she disappeared abruptly. She fled from him. He did not know her nature. He sought to chain her to a life with which she had done. She returned like a wounded dove to the dove-cot. In the old hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase she was reared. There she died; and near to it, in the shadow of the trees that wave over the gloomy tower, she lies buried. A solitary hillock, which only the tall grass and the modest wild flowers bend mournfully and silently over, a lowly black cross, by this time hidden in luxuriant weeds, are all the signs denoting her place of rest—she whose rightful place of interment is in the mausoleum of the Kingswoods, the best of whom were surpassed by her in all those virtues which elevate human nature to that of angels."

Erle essayed twice or thrice to speak, but his voice, husky and inarticulate, died away in whispers; and he fairly gave way to a wild fit of bitter weeping. It was a sore thing for one so young to find, as it were, a mother, only to learn that, having been shamefully wronged, she lay, in an unconsecrated grave, in a lone, drear spot, known, perhaps, alone to those who had not the power to do her memory justice. To find, as well, a father in the person of one who had wrought this shame and sorrow upon her who now refused any act of atonement, and was bent upon removing him from the sphere in which his guilt was perpetrated, and if possible, of obliterating all trace of her and Erle's existence and his own villany.

Erle felt his position acutely. It was clear that he could come to no compromise with his father. Were he to be so dishonorably selfish as to let his mother lie neglected in her lone grave, without any attempt to clear her name from the cloud that rested on it, for the sake of being on friendly terms with his father, he but defamed himself. His mother's memory must be cleared, and he muttered, with a bitterness of tone that made old Pengreep start—

"The wronged to right,
  His own to regain,
Shall toil and fight
  In sorrow and pain."

He compressed his lips, and his brow contracted.

"Sorrow and pain indeed! My mother loved passionately, sincerely, and truthfully—loved this man, my father! Were she living, every blow I aimed at his peace would stab her in the heart. And I—cruelly as he has wronged her and myself. I feel that my heart yearns towards him—pants to be clasped in his embrace—to be gazed on by him with eyes of affection—to be spoken to with words of tenderness—to be called by him son—to look back upon my long, long term of isolation with the proud contemplation that it had ceased, and that before me I had a world of parental love, glowing, burning, all my own! Yet it is my bitter lot to pursue him as an avenging spirit—to reject with scorn all overtures which pause at calling me his son, and the acknowledgment that my mother was his wife, and the rightful Lady Kingswood. I must strike at him, and wound myself with the blow—"

"What—do you pause?" almost yelled old Pengreep, "do you hang back? Shall I point to you again your mother, pale, young, beautiful, standing all but lifeless in the criminal's box, in which she was placed by your father's—"

"Silence!" cried Erle, in a voice which drowned old Pengreep's speech. "Think you I have forgotten that I am of a doomed race? that I have an inexorable mission as I have an inevitable destiny to fulfill? that justice is independent of human emotion? that right and honor cannot be influenced by the ordinary feelings of our common nature? that I am but an instrument in the hands of the Almighty to work out His immutable will? But, man, I cannot but feel my soul is not barren of sentiment or sympathy. I cannot but suffer in knowing that, in fact, I am motherless, in spirit, fatherless; that my mother perished in torturing grief and that a curse for me is readier on my father's lip than a blessing. But because I feel—because these gushing tears will force their way from my eyelids—I tell you, man, it is not a sign that I faint in spirit or falter in purpose. I am a Kingswood! Inwardly I know that—outwardly and legally you have proved it; and though my heart be crushed and my life be the price of my efforts, I will unwaveringly pursue this my task to the end."

"Amen! Amen!" cried old Pengreep, bowing low down to Erle, and then rubbing his hands together with a species of gleeful satisfaction. "Your sentiments are creditable to your nature," he added, "and your resolution is worthy of your honor. All seems complete but one point, by no means an immaterial one. It is this: There exists in my mind at least no moral doubt of your identity, and it can be almost positively proved by circumstantial evidence—but not quite. Now, I wish to establish it legally beyond the possibility of question, and I think I possess the means."

"What are they?" asked Erle, displaying a natural anxiety.

"Observe, here is a pocket-book," replied old Pengreep, producing a black one, and opening it. "It contains memoranda of certain events; indeed, it is a diary carried from one period to another, and is in the handwriting of the present Lord Kingswood. It is wholly in reference to yourself. It speaks of the abstraction of Erla's child, relates the incidents attending its removal and the placing it in the charge of an old couple residing in a forest. Accompanying it is a statement of the child's death and burial, which I am in a condition to prove; but in this statement it incidentally mentions that the child has a bright crimson spot on the back of its right hand."

Erle started, for old Pengreep made a sudden plunge at his right hand, and pointed to a bright red spot frayed at the edges, as thought it were a splash of blood.

"I recognized that spot when I first saw you in this room," he exclaimed. "I recognize it now. Then I knew not its true import. I know it now—

"'He bears the Kingswood brand,
Who hath blood upon his hand!'"

He sibillated rather than spoke the couplet.

Erle examined his hand; he had, of course, long known of the existence of the mark, which in his school days had been termed a cherry spot. At times it had been well defined, and other times feint; now it was a bright, clear, round spot.

Old Pengreep chuckled. "Our path lies before us; not a moment is to be lost," he cried. "We must to Kingswood Hall, and there, without the aid of Horace Vernon, without other aid than these irrefragable proofs, establish our claim. Lord Kingswood may threaten you, disclaim you, do what he will now, he cannot disinherit you. You will triumph. So shall I!"

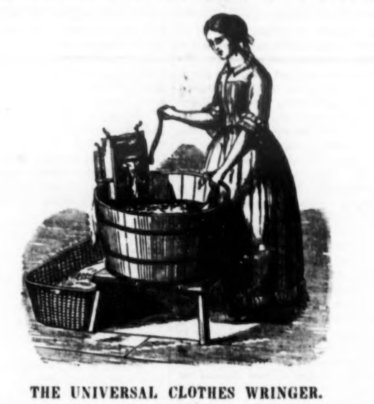
Old Pengreep uttered a growl of joyous exultation as he delivered the last words, and Erle looked at him steadfastly, and with a shade of mistrust in the expression on his features, inquired—"Of what nature is the triumph to which you allude as being yours? It is asserted by Lord Kingswood and by you that I have been a mere tool in the hands of Horace Vernon, used by him to accomplish a bitter, vindictive, personal revenge, and not solely with the disinterested object of obtaining for me my just rights and atonement for the shameful wrongs suffered by the departed."

"And I still assert that this is truth," exclaimed old Pengreep, emphatically. "Take a retrospect of the period between your departure from this house with him and your own instinctive flinging off of his yoke. You could judge of the secret motives which animated him in guiding your movements, else why emancipate yourself from his control?"

"Suppose I grant that your view is correct," rejoined Erle, a little sternly, "am I to be the instrument of your vengeance, whatever that may be, too?"

"Yes," cried old Pengreep, sharply. "You cannot help it. You must be so independent of your will, because my revenge is bound up in your triumph. Perhaps mine is a poor and paltry matter, and it will inflict merely a sting, a pang, a spasm, that is all—but it will do that, and I shall be satisfied. Listen to me. Who I am and what I am no one knows but Eldra; the secret will die with her—and with me. I am old, skinny, shrivelled—a scarecrow. I was not always so. There was one of the collateral branches of the Kingswoods nearly allied to that Walter Kingswood of whom I have spoken existing at the time of Erla—your mother's—birth. An old man and a child came from a distant part of the country to settle down on an old patrimony of the family near to Huntingford. It had long been mortgaged, but the mortgage was at length paid off, and Alan Kingswood, with his daughter, came back to their own again. The daughter was not less beautiful than any of her race, and bore a striking resemblance to Erla and to the portraits and statue of Lady Maud of 1555 now at Kingswood. I was much in her society, and my heart was not made of stone. I—I—hem! I—ah—ah—ah!"

Old Pengreep turned his back upon Erle, gasping hysterically. He pressed violently the palms of both hands on his eyes, and then threw them away again. He turned round, and facing Erle, said—"I had thought—but, pshaw, there is a spring in a rock—hem!—let me see. Well, I had wooed and I lost—I thought won—no, the curse of the House was on her. Vernon came and thought to find in her smiles tenderness and caresses, solace for the loss of Erla. He took her from me—married her—"



THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER.

Anything that aids in lessening the labor of the housewife, is very important to human happiness. The washing, ironing, cooking, butter making, &c., are foremost among the hard work that is to be done. Several of these are perpetual, with no hope of dismissing them, only for a few brief hours or days at a time. They have always been coming, and so will continue until the present order of things is entirely reversed. What millions of people are forever washing dishes, through the slow process of a plate at a time; or a cup, spoon or saucer! Why does not some genius devise a cheap and easy way of generating steam, so that every woman who has a dozen cups and as many plates, may place them in a suitable rack, turn a cock and let on steam sufficiently hot to start everything from the crockery in a single moment after receiving it. The dinner dishes of a family of a dozen persons ought to be washed and dry in a dozen minutes! We hail any thing with pleasure that will relieve this in-door tedium—this minute, uninteresting repetition of the same thing three hundred and sixty-five times in a year. As to the present invention, the editor of a Boston contemporary says:—

"A few weeks since we spoke of '*Colby's Clothes Wringer*,' in decided terms of approbation, and after a thorough use of it, the women of the family inform us that not a word of the praise bestowed upon it should be recalled. Now we have another style before us, a little more of it, and higher in price. This, also, has received a careful trial by competent persons, and is pronounced excellent. We have been tempted to the tub, and have wrung out the duds, with it, with great gratification. With a size larger than the one represented in the cut, we have heard it said, that after soaking the clothes over night they can be thoroughly washed by passing them several times through this squeezer! The cut represents the wringer on a common wash tub, in operation. It is said that it will wring four times as fast as can be done by hand, with one fourth the labor, and much drier, and wrings anything, from a silk glove to a Dutch blanket; is simple, strong and durable, and will not get out of repair. Any servant will use it with safety to the machine and with great saving of wear to the clothes. It is readily and firmly secured to tubs of any thickness, and can be instantly detached and set aside."

"Married!" echoed Erle, with amazement.

"Yes; riches, position—perhaps he was younger and handsomer than I," muttered old Pengreep; "at—at all events, she became his—aha! to be cut down like a lily by the scythe of the brainless mower."

"But—but," cried Erle, quickly, "then Violet—"

"Hush! That is a tale for another day," interrupted Pengreep. "I am prepared for this visit. Vernon prepared the fate, destiny, instinct—what you please to call presentiment—prepared me for your coming. I am ready for Kingswood. Look Almighty Heaven firmly in the face and answer me!"

"I am ready," responded Erle, with a proud, exalted tone.

"Come, then, for that must be the scene of our labors," cried Pengreep. "There and there alone must we fight the battle of right and avengement!"

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

We enter on our story's darker part;
And though the horror of it well may move
An impulse of repugnance in the heart,
Yet let us think that as there's naught above
The all-embracing atmosphere of art,
So also there is naught that falls below
Her generous reach, though grimed with guilt and woe.
—*A Legend of Brittany.*

It was night again when Erle, accompanied by old Pengreep, entered Kingswood Chace. Erle paced with quick steps along the furze-patched glades and plunged into the denser parts of the forest, following a track which he pursued, rather, it seemed, by instinct than by knowledge. Suddenly they appeared before the tower of Erle of Kingswood. Old Pengreep clutched his arm. He pointed to the tower. "Whither go you?" he said, harshly.

"To my mother's grave!" emphatically replied Erle.

Old Pengreep bent his head low, as if sternly rebuked.

"The task to conduct you thither is mine. Follow me, oh, son of Erla!" said a hollow voice near to them. Both turned and beheld Eldra close to them, standing beneath the shadow of an aged tree. Old Pengreep uttered a strange cry, which catching Eldra's ear, she turned her unnatural bright eyes upon him, and perused his features with a long and searching gaze. Then she staggered back as though she beheld one long dead resuscitated from the grave. "Thou!" she cried. "Thou!"

"Even I," he said, in a low, guttural tone. "Remember your oath. I shall be true to mine. The grave yawns for you and for me—let the past be buried with us. Our task is nearly ended. THE DAWN IS BREAKING!"

Eldra, who trembled like an aspen, bowed her head, and in a faint and feeble voice, muttered—"It is well that it should be so. I will not intercept the silence of the grave, which you have invoked."

The aged woman tottered forward, beckoning to Erle, who, with a countenance whiter than marble, stood awaiting her summons. They passed in silence beyond the old, frowning tower, which, crested with black ivy, looked blacker and gloomier to him than it had ever appeared before. At length old Eldra reached a scant opening in the trees, made in some far-off time, and she pointed with her crutch to a small mound, upraised among the rank weeds and broad leaved darnels. It seemed garlanded with the simple primrose and cowslips, the violet, the harebell, and other of the indigenous flowers of the wood, and they twined, too, up and around the black cross which, rudely fashioned, stood at the head of the mound.

"Erla rests there," she muttered, in broken tones.

Erle sank upon his knees by its side, and cried—"Mother! mother!"

He pressed his clasped hands to his brow, and buried his face among the flowers. There was no sound to be heard but his bitter, impassioned sobs. He had found at last his mother—but where?

The aged Eldra bent down her limbs, too, in prayer, and Pengreep, faint and with quivering frame, leaned for support against the hoary trunk of an ancient oak. At this moment, from out the hollow recesses of the oak's trunk, an owl of huge dimensions flew out, and descending to the mound, settled on the black cross, and raised its mournful hoot. The tones distressed Erle, intense as was his anguish, and he rose up slowly and silently. He gazed upon the strange bird, which did not move at his presence, and from thence upon the aged tree, which spread out its gnarled arms, and threw a shadow on his mother's grave; and then around him with an aspect of wonder. "I have seen this place before," he murmured.

Old Eldra rose up. "It is the coppice of the white fawn," she muttered, in an almost unearthly tone.

He passed his hand over his forehead. "In my dreams," he said slowly. "The youth beneath this tree wooed this maiden, and yon bird—"

Old Pengreep rushed suddenly at the owl as he spoke. He had observed it sway backwards and forwards, and he caught it as it fell from the cross. "It is dead!" he exclaimed, and held it up.

Erle gazed at it fixedly for a moment, and then stooping down without uttering a word, he gathered some of the wild flowers which bloomed over the grave, kissed them, and placed them in his breast.

Then he turned to Pengreep, and in a low tone, said to him—"Come! her spirit will chide me if I delay moving its mortal frame from where it now sleeps to the consecrated tomb, wherein it shall, in honor and in justice, rest."

As they retraced their steps past the tower, Eldra said—"Are you seeking Kingswood Hall?"

"Aye!" said Pengreep, in decided tones.

"The hour is late," she returned.

"Late or early we shall demand our right to enter," rejoined Pengreep.

"I tell you it is late, and there is sickness, if not death within the Hall," she exclaimed, in harsh tones.

Erle turned sharply to her. "Who lies within their sick?" he asked eagerly. "Lady Kingswood?"

"No," she replied; "Lady Kingswood is far away. I saw her flit like a phantom through the Chace in the white moonbeam-mist. She is not there; nor is my Lord of Kingswood."

Erle felt as if he should suffocate; a cold, death-like feeling ran through his frame.

"Dame, you inflict torture upon me," he cried. "Who is it that lies within Kingswood Hall near unto death?"

"The white fawn of that line of Kingswood," she returned. "You have flowers in your breast: make them into a garland, and hang them round her fair neck. That will win her back to life, though her last breath quivered on her lip. Go thither an' thou wilt, but for the time let it be in silence and secrecy. Farewell! Fulfil your destiny: we shall meet again."

She turned, and disappeared within the lodge. Erle moved thoughtfully away, followed by old Pengreep, whose character appeared to have undergone an extraordinary change. There was a quiet, sorrowful dignity about him which he had not exhibited before.

Erle was deeply affected by what old Eldra had last communicated. Lady Maud ill—dying, and no one there to attend her, to minister to her with tenderness, and to watch over her with solicitous affection. He wondered at the cause of her illness—he did not trace it to his own mysterious disappearance; but the thought passed through his mind that, tempted by the absence of Lord and Lady Kingswood, Philip Avon had been forcing upon her his rough and hateful wooing, and so had terrified and hunted her into the dangerous illness old Eldra declared her to be suffering. He promised himself a full reckoning with him ere long. He was loth to enter Kingswood Hall to create a disturbance, yet to keep out of it now he believed it beyond the human power to compel him.

Had Lady Maud been in health, he had still an important inducement to enter the ancient portion of the Hall, because, when he laid himself down to rest upon the old bed upon the night preceding his capture there, he had placed the small ebony box he had found within the picture-gallery beneath his pillow. There it had been left, and there it now remained if it had not been discovered.

He was perplexed at first what steps to take, but after a little reflection he decided upon entering Kingswood Hall by the secret entrance in the Chace. He communicated to Pengreep his position, and before he had acquainted him with his resolve, the mention of the ebony box threw Pengreep into an extraordinary state of excitement.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "if you find that you will SOLVE THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE! The House has known for centuries that some dread deed was enacted in the Chace, but what it was has remained undiscovered. Baron Erle Kingswood erected a statue to Lady Maud, his cousin; beneath it he placed the words, 'The Unavenged,' and the date '1555.' Beyond that nothing is known. If within that box a manuscript exists the dead will speak. In the name of THE UNAVENGED, let us on!"

Animated by what Pengreep said, and also by his manner, Erle hurried on, and they soon reached the secret entrance to the Hall.

All the impediments to access to the old chambers were overcome, and Erle, with a throbbing heart, entered the old bed-chamber. He gazed hurriedly around him. It seemed frowning, gaunt and grim enough to have scared one less nerved in his task than he. He passed his hand swiftly beneath the pillow, and produced the box. Pengreep seized it and gazed at with trembling eyelids. "It is the same as that represented in the picture in the hunting lodge," he ejaculated. "Let us to the library. I have the means of procuring a light."

Erle, excited as himself, felt an intense anxiety, and with hurried but light step, conducted him by the way not known perhaps only to himself, into the long dark, drear apartment, where the tall, dark, armored figures stood silent and horrible in their aspect, and the old tomes were ranged like skeletons of the dead. Erle remembered that when Philip Avon, attended by the officers, approached the library in search of him, he had, having extinguished his lamp, placed it in a nook. He proceeded to that nook and drew it forth, and Pengreep lighted it.

Erle, who had possession of the box, was about to open it, when Pengreep pointed to the statue of Lady Maud, and said: "Let it be opened before her, where her cold and inanimate face may be turned towards us, and from whence her disembodied and unquiet spirit may hover over, and direct you how you shall lift the doom from the race of Kingswood."

As he counselled so Erle performed. He took the box in his hands, and knelt at the pedestal of the Lady Maud. Then he opened it, and withdrew a parchment manuscript of several pages. He opened it. Pengreep clutched his arm, and both turned their heads sharply round. It was as though some one near to them had sighed.

The room was dark and misty, but there was no sign of the presence of any one there but themselves. "It was the wind," whispered Pengreep.

Erle turned his eyes to the manuscript. It was written in a rough, bold hand, but in a character which if Erle had not been learned in the written lore of the period he would have been unable to decipher.

"I, Baron Erle of Kingswood, do here make confession to him, or to her, who may discover the secret hiding place in which I shall deposit this writing of my most dreadful deed of guilt. My cousin, Lady Maud, of Brightstowe, deprived of both parents by the inroads and ravagings of murderers and plunderers acting under warrants falsely purporting to be signed by Henry VIII, of that day king, was brought up within the hall of Kingswood, a charge left to my father and to my mother, to cherish and to protect. We were reared as brother and sister, and then it seemed that between us much affection did exist. But when I sprung towards manhood I found that her exceeding beauty had won my heart in spite of her cold reserve. I was, perhaps, not fitted to play the soft wooer in a lady's chamber, for the wild sports of the chace were with me a passion; but I loved her. She who had been frank with me in childhood was coy when I appeared, or sought pretexts to evade my presence. I tried then to draw her attention to my love by garlanding her favorite white fawn with the fairest flowers I could gather. One eve I found her in a coppice with her fawn; she was caressing it, and she kissed the flowers I had placed around its neck. I broke through the thicket and threw myself at her feet. I told my love, and after I had passionately urged her to return my love, she imprinted a kiss upon my forehead, and I called her my own. She was not my own; at least, another claimed her. Walter Avon! Black Walter of Hawkesbury dared to lift his accursed eyes to her, to seek her, waylay her, to pour lying words in her ear against me! So that when she met me she would turn pale and weep, would shrink from my embrace, and too often gaze reproachfully at me. I did not then understand the cause. It was explained to me by a follower of Black Walter's, who averred that the Lady Maud—spotless as the untrodden snow—met Walter Avon in the Chace, and wandered with him there. He told me further they had agreed to meet at sunset, in the Hunting Lodge, at that time without a tenant, for I had begun to lose my taste for sport, and preferred wandering alone and in cruel thought in the thickness of the wood. When I heard the ruffian's statement, dark thoughts stirred within me. I resolved to attend too. The sun set that night in a glowing crimson flood, as if to foreshadow the terrible event in which I was to make so grim an actor. I had sworn to myself that if I found the story true I would slay her, and hack him limb from limb. As I approached the thicket leading to the lodge I fancied I heard a woman scream; but a bird flew away from a tree above my head, screeching as it went. I thought no more of the scream. But my quick and practised eye caught sight of something moving towards the end of the thicket. I ran onward at the top of my speed, breathless I reached the lodge, and found the door open. I heard a heavy foot ascending the stone staircase, and I sprang up the steps. I entered a room, and saw, seated on a chair, Walter Avon, with Lady Maud in his arms. Her face lay reclining upon his shoulder; blood mounted to my brain, ran into my eyes, through my veins, into my hands. Like lightning I unsheated my sword—Oh God!—I buried it to the hilt in her body! As I drew it out, ensanguined with her blood, he leaped to his feet. I caught Maud—dead!—dead!—in my arms, and I made a deadly blow at him, but only gashed his face. He drew a dagger, and retreated to the door. I followed, striking at him as we leaped, rather than descended the stairs. Then he turned and fled. I followed him, but encumbered with the bleeding body of Maud, I could not keep pace with him, and he escaped. I turned into a glade; I laid the lifeless body on the grass; I bound up the ghastly wound, and while in the act of lifting her, a ghostly monk from the Abbey of Kingswood stayed my hand.

"'Who has done this murder?' he said, sternly and fiercely.

"'If it be murder then the act is mine!' I answered, angrily, for I liked not the bitter expression of his face.

"'Cain!' he cried, pointing to her pale, calm face, 'she is thy near kith.'

"I raised my fist and felled him to the earth. He uprose, blood rushing from his mouth, and levelling his finger at me, cried—'Accursed! The brand of Cain be on thy brow and upon thine hand. Thou shalt not rest on earth nor after death, thou nor thine, nor those to come after thee, until one bearing thy name shall mingle his blood with hers who now lies bleeding there. And so shall doomsday come ere one of thy now accursed race shall lift the doom you have called down upon them and their heirs for-ever!'

"He fled from me or I should have slain him. But his words lay heavy on my soul. I raised the body of Maud from the crimson turf, and bore her by a secret passage into the chamber adjoining the library, and laid her upon the bed. All that night I tried to restore her to life, but in vain. Then troubled thoughts of my fate, if charged with her murder, haunted me; and in much agony of mind I cast about what to do with the body. At length I bethought me of a chest which had been sent to me from across sea, of cunning device in respect to its locks. It stood within the library. Within that chest I placed the remains of Lady Maud, and locked it; the key I placed in the ebony box with this manuscript. Years have passed since that dreadful time. Black Walter disappeared after that night of horror, no one knew whither; but I learned after his departure, that I had been deceived: that he had taken steps to poison the mind of beloved Maud against me, and that he had, on the fearful night on which I slew her, inveigled her there. On meeting her there, he seized her with the intention of carrying her off; she fainted; she fled; he pursued. What follows I have recited. I have kept my dreadful secret. I dare reveal it in no other fashion than this, for I have a beloved boy, upon whose name I would not cast taint. The loss of Lady Maud at the time caused great consternation, but as I conducted the search for her, no tidings were obtained respecting her. The monk perished miserably, having been set on by a mob, and, for aught I know, revealed not what he saw that night. I have caused a statue to be made to the memory of Lady Maud. It bears the date of her death, and I have appended to it the words, 'The Unavenged,' forasmuch as Black Walton hitherto hath escaped my vengeance. But he has returned to his home, he hath set rumors afloat concerning my crime, and I go to meet him in mortal combat. Should I fall I shall leave a Kingswood to draw atonement for Lady Maud from the blood of an Avon. For until a Kingswood shall hold the life of an Avon within his grasp, so long will Lady Maud remain unavenged, so long the the doom rest on the House of Kingswood. I testify to the truth of what I have here written. Maud, murdered saint! have mercy on me! May God assoil my soul!

"ERLE, BARON OF KINGSWOOD."

There the document ended. Erle drew a long, deep breath, and rose, and gazed on the soft sweet face of the statue. A tear sprang into his eye.

Pengreep whispered in his ear—"Erle, Baron of Kingswood, fell by the hand of Walter Avon. So has it been down to the father of Lord Kingswood, who, it is whispered, met his death foully at the hands of the late Sir Philip Avon."

"So shall it be no longer, I swear," cried Erle, with intense emotion. "I have had the life of Philip Avon quivering on the point of my sword, and fluttering round my bullet; I, a Kingswood, have drawn the blood of an Avon, and Lady Maud, the Unavenged, I will avenge you!"

"Come, come, let us examine the chest," cried Pengreep, with a trembling lip, "the secret is not yet all revealed."

Erle, high-wrought by what he had read, found his hand tremble so he could scarcely turn the key in the lock. He well remembered the secret spot wherein to insert it. The sharp, sudden click with which the bolt shot back in the lock made them both start.

At the same moment the blood of Pengreep chilled, and his hair seemed to slowly rise up. He clutched Erle by the wrist, and whispered, "Heard you that?"

Erle had already turned his pale face over his shoulder.

Both at one instant heard the sweeping rustle of silk and the sound of light footsteps rapidly approaching them; but though they strained their eyeballs until they ached, they could see nothing. The sounds grew fainter as they grew nearer, and ceased even when they reached the actual spot where they stood.

It was as though the antique chest on which the hands of both rested had debarred the further progress of the invisible.

A solemn, death-like stillness ensued. Erle silently pointed to the chest, and both exerting their strength, lifted up the lid. The hinges gave forth a harsh, grating noise as they raised it, and it fell back against the wall with a sound like thunder. With hearts beating with violence, they paused and listened, but the same death-like stillness reigned as before; there appeared no signs of interruption from the household.

Erle raised up the lamp, and they both cast their eyes within the chest. There, coiled up, muffled as it were in a cloud of silk, which seemed to shrink into dust as they gazed upon it, lay a skeleton; a glittering gem sparkled upon the neck, and jewels and pearls gleamed upon the wrist.

A groan burst from the lips of Erle as he beheld the ghastly object crouching where it had been thrust on the night of the cruel murder—laying where it had been deposited, without moving or being moved, for three hundred years.

"The Ladye Maud," he murmured, in a deep and solemn undertone.

"The UNAVENGED avenged," exclaimed old Pengreep.

"Not yet," rejoined Erle, with knitted brows.

"*The dawn has come!*" responded Pengreep.

"Aye, and it shall be day ere long," said Erle, with a bitter emphasis.

Pengreep uttered suddenly an exclamation of horror. "Holy Heaven!" he ejaculated, in accents of absolute terror. "Who comes here?"

He pointed down the library. Swiftly approaching them advanced a figure clothed in white.

Erle pressed his hand upon his heart to keep down its wild throbbing. "The Lady Maud St. Clair!" he exclaimed, in scarcely audible tones. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

A NEW QUESTION TO BE SOLVED.—Learned circles in England are just now agitated by the question whether a rainbow, itself a reflection, is ever seen reflected in water. A distinguished painter, it appears, has put one in his picture, and the critics at once declared it inconsistent with nature. Dr. Herschell says he believes the thing to be possible—that is, a rainbow may be reflected in water, but it is not the same bow seen in the clouds, as the same rainbow cannot be seen at once directly and by reflection, because that seen directly is gathered from rain drops higher in the air than those which yield the reflected bow. He says he never saw such a bow, and never knew any one who had, but he gives several good reasons why. First, water in a rainy day is not (even in the absence of wind) likely to be a perfect mirror-like-surface. If the least ruffled by wind, it would, effectually *mix the colors.* Secondly, the rainbow light is a *very* small fraction of the whole light of the sun on the rain, and reflection in water would enfeeble it to such a degree that one might well doubt its visibility.

SIGNS OF RANK.—The relative rank of officers in the regular army is designated in the fatigue uniform, worn in accordance with the army regulations, in the following manner:—Major-General is distinguished by two silver stars on his shoulder straps; a Brigadier General has but one star; a Colonel has a silver embroidered spread-eagle; a Lieutenant-Colonel has a silver embroidered leaf; a Captain is known by two gold embroidered bars; a First Lieutenant has but one gold bar on the strap; a Second Lieutenant, none at all. The cloth of the strap is as follows:—Staff Officers, dark blue; Artillery, scarlet; Infantry, light (or sky) blue; Riflemen, medium (or emerald) green; Cavalry, orange color.

A REBEL privateer has captured two Northern vessels off Cape Hatteras. Their names are the Transit and Hannah Baulch, the former owned in New London, Connecticut.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—Having been convened on an extraordinary occasion, authorized by the Constitution, your attention is not called to any ordinary subject of legislation.

THE SEIZURES OF THE REBELS.

At the beginning of the Presidential term, four months ago, the functions of the Federal Government were found to be generally suspended within the several States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, excepting only those of the Post Office Department. Within these States all the forts, arsenals, dock-yards, custom houses, and the like, had been seized and were held in open hostility to this Government, excepting only Forts Pickens, Taylor and Jefferson, on or near the Florida coast, and Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, South Carolina.

The forts thus seized had been put in improved condition. New ones had been built, and armed forces had been organized and were organizing, all avowedly with the same hostile purpose. The forts remaining in the possession of the Federal Government, in and near these States, were either besieged or menaced by warlike preparations, and especially Fort Sumter, which was nearly surrounded by well projected hostile batteries, with guns equal in quality to the best of its own, and outnumbering the latter as perhaps ten to one. A disproportionate share of the Federal muskets and rifles had somehow found their way into these States, and had been seized to be used against the Government.

Accumulations of the public revenue lying within them had been seized for the same object. The Navy was scattered in distant seas, leaving but a very small part of it within the immediate reach of the Government. Officers of the Federal Army and Navy had resigned in great numbers, and of those resigning a large proportion had taken up arms against the Government.

Simultaneously, and in connection with all this, the purpose to sever the Federal Union was openly avowed. In accordance with this purpose, an ordinance had been adopted in each of these States, declaring the States respectively to be separated from the National Union. A formula for instituting a combined Government for these States had been promulgated, and this illegal organization in the character of Confederate States was already invoking recognition, aid and intervention from foreign powers.

THE POLICY DECLARED IN THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Finding this condition of things, and believing it to be an imperative duty upon the incoming Executive to prevent, if possible, the consummation of such an attempt to destroy the Federal Union, a choice of means to that end became indispensable. This choice was made, and was declared in the inaugural address. The policy chosen looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to any stronger ones.

It sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the Government, and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion and the ballot-box. It promised a continuance of the mails, at the Government expense, to the very people who were resisting the Government, and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbance to any of the people or any of their rights. Of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case, everything was forborne, without which it was believed possible to keep the Government on foot.

NON-REINFORCEMENT OF SUMTER EXPLAINED.

On the 5th of March, the present incumbent's first full day in office, a letter of Major ANDERSON, commanding at Fort Sumter, written on the 28th February, and received at the War Department on the 4th of March, was by that Department placed in his hands. This letter expressed the professional opinion of the writer that reinforcements could not be thrown into that fort within the time for his relief rendered necessary by the limited supply of provisions, and with a view of holding possession of the same, with a force of less than twenty thousand good and well disciplined men. This opinion was concurred in by all the officers of his command; and their memoranda on the subject were made enclosures of Maj. ANDERSON's letter. The whole was immediately laid before Lieut.-Gen. SCOTT, who at once concurred with Maj. ANDERSON in that opinion. On reflection, however, he took full time, consulting with other officers, both of the Army and Navy, and at the end of four days, came reluctantly but decidedly to the same conclusion as before.

He also stated at the same time, that no such sufficient force was then within the control of the Government, or could be raised and brought to the ground within the time when the provisions in the fort would be exhausted. In a purely military point of view this reduced the duty of the Administration in the case to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort.

It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position, under the circumstances, would be utterly ruinous; that the necessity under which it was to be done would not be fully understood; that by many it would be construed as a part of a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that, in fact, it would be our national destruction consummated.

This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and ere it would be reached Fort Pickens might be reinforced. This last would be a clear indication of policy, and would better enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumter as a military necessity. An order was at once directed to be sent for the landing of the troops from the steamship *Brooklyn* into Fort Pickens. This order could not go by land, but must take the longer and slower route by sea. The first return news from the order was received just one week before the fall of Fort Sumter.

The news itself was that the officers commanding the *Sabine*, to which vessel the troops had been transferred from the *Brooklyn*, acting upon some *quasi* armistice of the late Administration, and of the existance of which the present Administration, up to the time the order was despatched, had only too vague and uncertain rumors to fix attention—had refused to land the troops. To now reinforce Fort Pickens before a crisis would be reached at Fort Sumter was impossible, rendered so by the near exhaustion of provisions in the latter named fort.

In such a conjuncture the Government had a few days before commenced preparing an expedition, as well adapted as might be, to relieve Fort Sumter, which expedition was intended to be ultimately used or not, according to circumstances. The strongest anticipated case for using it was now presented, and it was resolved to send it forward, as had been intended in this contingency. It was also resolved to notify the Government of the Southern Confederacy, that if the attempt should not be resisted there would be no effort to throw in men, arms, or ammunition, without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort. This notice was accordingly given, whereupon the fort was attacked and bombarded to its fall, without even awaiting the arrival of the provisioning expedition.

It is thus seen that the assault upon, and the reduction of Fort Sumter was in no sense a matter of self-defence on the part of their assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could by no possibility commit aggression upon them. They knew they were expressly notified that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which could on that occasion be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more. They knew that this Government desired to keep this garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but merely to maintain visible possession, trusting, as hereinbefore stated, to time, discussion and the ballot box, for final adjustment. And they assailed and reduced the fort, for precisely the reverse object—to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution.

That this was their object the Executive well understood; and having said to them in the Inaugural address, "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors," he took pains not only to keep this declaration good, but also to keep the case so free from the power of ingenious sophistry as that the world should not be able to misunderstand it.

By the affair at Fort Sumter, with its surrounding circumstances, that point was reached. Then and thereby the assailants of the Government began the conflict of arms without a gun in sight or in expectancy to return their fire, save only the few in the fort, sent to that harbor years before, for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful.

THE ISSUE FORCED UPON THE COUNTRY.

In this act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country, the distinct issue—immediate dissolution or blood. And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States; it presents to the whole family of man the question whether a Constitutional Republic or Democracy—a Government of the people by the same people can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control the Administration according to the organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretences made in this case, or any other pretence, break up their Government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth. It forces us to ask, Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness? Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?

THE PRESIDENT'S REQUISITION.

So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war power of the Government, and so to resist the force employed for its destruction by force for its preservation. The call was made, and the response of the country was most gratifying, surpassing in unanimity and spirit the most sanguine expectations.

Yet none of the States commonly called Slave States, except Delaware, gave a regiment through regular State organization. A few regiments have been organized within some others of those States by individual enterprise, and received into the Government service.

Of course the Seceded States, so called, and to which Texas had been joined about the time of the inauguration, gave no troops to the cause of the Union. The Border States, so called, were not uniform in their action, some of them being almost for the Union, while in others, as Virginia and North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas, the Union sentiment was nearly repressed and silenced.

THE COURSE OF VIRGINIA.

The course taken in Virginia was the most remarkable, perhaps the most important. A Convention, elected by the people of that State, to consider this very question of disrupting the Federal Union, was in session, at the Capital of Virginia when Fort Sumter fell. To this body the people had chosen a large majority of professed Union men. Almost immediately after the fall of Sumter, many members of that majority went over to the original disunion minority, and with them adopted an ordinance for withdrawing the State from the Union. Whether this change was wrought by their great approval of the assault upon Sumter, or the great resentment at the Government's resistance to that assault, is not definitely known.

Although they submitted the ordinance for ratification to a vote of the people, to be taken on a day then somewhat more than a month distant, the Convention and the Legislature, which was also in session at the same time and place, with leading members of the State, not members of either, immediately commenced acting as if the State were already out of the Union.

They pushed their military preparations vigorously forward all over the State. They seized the United States Armory at Harper's Ferry and the Navy Yard at Gosport, near Norfolk. They received, perhaps invited into their State, large bodies of troops with their warlike appointments, from the so called Seceded States. They formally entered into a treaty of temporary alliance and co-operation with the so-called Confederate States, and sent members to their Congress at Montgomery, and finally they permitted the insurrectionary Government to be transferred to their Capital at Richmond.

The people of Virginia have thus allowed this giant insurrection to make its nest within her borders; and thus Government has no choice left but to deal with it where it finds it, and it has the less regret, as the loyal citizens have, in due form, claimed its protection. Those loyal citizens this Government is bound to recognize and protect, as being Virginia.

THE ARMED NEUTRALITY POLICY.

In the Border States, so called—in fact the Middle States—there are those who favor a policy which they call armed neutrality, that is, an arming of those States to prevent the Union forces passing one way, or the Disunion the other, over their soil. This would be Disunion completed, figuratively speaking. It would be the building of an impassable wall along the line of separation, and yet not quite an impassable one, for under the guise of neutrality it would tie the hands of the Union men, and freely pass supplies from among them to the insurrectionists, which it could not do as an open enemy.

At a stroke it would take all the trouble off the hands of Secession, except only what proceeds from the external blockade. It would do for the Disunionists that which of all things they most desire—feed them well and give them Disunion without a struggle of their own.

ADDITIONAL CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

It recognizes no fidelity to the Constitution, no obligation to maintain the Union; and while very many who have favored it are doubtless loyal, it is nevertheless very injurious in effect. Recurring to the action of the Government, it may be stated that at first a call was made for 75,000 militia, and rapidly following this a proclamation was issued for closing the ports of the insurrectionary districts, by proceedings in the nature of a blockade. So far, all was believed to be strictly legal.

At this point the insurrectionists announced their purpose to enter upon the practice of privateering. Other calls were made for volunteers, to serve three years, unless sooner discharged, and also for large additions to the regular army and navy. These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity—trusting then as now that Congress would readily ratify them. It is believed that nothing has been done beyond the constitutional competency of Congress.

THE PRESIDENT HAS THE RIGHT TO SUSPEND A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS

Soon after the first call for militia, it was considered a duty to authorize the Commanding General in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writs of habeas corpus, or, in other words, to arrest and detain without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law, such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety. This authority has purposely been exercised, but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it are questioned, and the attention of the country has been called to the proposition that one who is sworn to take care that the laws be faithfully executed should not himself violate them. Of course some consideration was given to the questions of power and propriety before this matter was acted on.

The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed, were being resisted and failing of execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that by the use of the means necessary to their execution, some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizens' liberty that practically it relieves more of the guilty than of the innocent, should to a very limited extent be violated?

To state the question more directly, are all the laws but one to go unexecuted, and the Government itself go to pieces, lest that one be violated? Even in such a case, would not the official oath be broken if the Government should be overthrown, when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it?

But it was not believed that this question was presented. It was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that the privilege—the writ of habeas corpus—should not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it, is equivalent to a provision that such privilege may be suspended when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety does require it. It was decided that we have a case of rebellion, and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege of the writ which was authorized to be made.

Now it is insisted, that Congress, and not the Executive is vested with this power.

But the Constitution itself is silent as to which or who is to exercise the power, and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it cannot be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case by the Rebellion.

No more extended argument is now offered, as an opinion at some length will probably be presented by the Attorney-General. Whether there shall be any legislation upon the subject, and if any what, is submitted entirely to the better judgment of Congress.

FOREIGN SYMPATHY MANIFESTED.

The forbearance of this Government had been so extraordinary and so long continued, as to lead some foreign nations to shape their action as if they supposed the early destruction of our National Union was probable.

While this, on discovery, gave the Executive some concern, he is now happy to say that the sovereignty and rights of the United States are now everywhere practically respected by foreign powers, and a general sympathy with the country is manifested throughout the world.

REPORTS OF THE SECRETARIES.

The reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, War and the Navy, will give the information in detail deemed necessary and convenient for your deliberation and action, while the Executive and all the Departments will stand ready to supply omissions, or to communicate new facts considered important for you to know.

THE PRESIDENT CALLS FOR FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN AND FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work at least 400,000 men and $400 000 000.

That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages within the regions where apparently all are willing to engage, and the sum is less than the twenty third part of the money value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole.

A debt of $600 000,000 now is a less sum per head than was the debt of our own Revolution when we came out of that struggle, and the money value in the country now bears even a greater proportion to what it was then than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive now to preserve our liberties as each had then to establish them?

A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money. The evidence reaching us from the country leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and that it needs only the hand of legislation to give it legal sanction, and the hand of the Executive to give it practical shape and efficiency.

One of the greatest perplexities of the Government is to avoid receiving troops faster than provided for them. In a word, the people will save their Government, if the Government itself will do its part only indifferently well. It might seem, at first thought, to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called Secession or Rebellion. The movers, however, well understand the difference. At the beginning they knew they could never raise their treason to any respectable magnitude by any name which implies violation of law. They knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for the history and Government of their common country as any other civilized and patriotic people.

They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they commenced, by an insidious debauching of the public mind.—They invented an ingenious sophism which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents to the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is that any State of the Union may, consistently with the National Constitution, and therefore lawfully and peacefully withdraw from the Union, without the consent of the Union or of any other State. The little disguise, that the supposed right is to be exercised only for a just cause, because they themselves are to be the sole judges of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice.

With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, and until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government the day after some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretence of taking their State out of the Union, who could have been brought to no such thing the day before.

This sophism derives much, perhaps the whole of its currency, from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a State, to each State of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution, no one of them ever having been a State out of the Union. The original ones passed into the Union even before they cast off their British Colonial dependence, and the new ones each came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union; while that name was first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the United Colonies were declared to be free and independent States.

But even then the object was plainly not to declare their independence of one another, or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action, before, at the time and afterwards, abundantly show. The express plighting of faith, by each and all of the original thirteen, in the articles of confederation, two years later, that "the Union shall be perpetual," is most conclusive. Having never been States, either in substance or in name outside of the Union, whence this magical omnipotence of State Rights asserting a claim of power to lawfully destroy the Union itself? Much is said about the Sovereignty of the States, but the word even is not in the National Constitution, nor as is believed, in any of the State Constitutions. What is a Sovereignty, in the political sense of the term? Would it be far wrong to define it "a political community without a political superior?" Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, ever was a sovereignty, and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the U. States and the laws and treaties of the United States, made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law of the land. The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separated, procured their independence and their liberty. By conquest or purchase, the Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact it created them as States. Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and, in turn, the Union threw off their old dependence for them and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State Constitution independent of the Union.

Of course it is not forgotten that all the new States framed their Constitutions before they entered the Union; nevertheless dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union.

Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the National Constitution; but among these, surely, are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but at most such only as are known in the world at the time, as Governmental powers, and certainly a power to destroy the Government itself had never known as governmental a merely administrative power.

This relative matter of National power and State Rights as a principle, is no other than the principle of generality and locality.

Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole, to the General Government; while whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State. This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the National Constitution, in defining boundaries between the two, has applied the principle with exact accuracy, is not to be questioned. We are also bound by that defining, without question. What is now combatted is the position that Secession is consistent with the Constitution—is lawful and peaceful. It is not contended that there is any express law for it and nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences.

THE RIGHT TO SECEDE.

The nation purchased with money the countries out of which several of these States were formed. Is it just that they shall go off without leave and without refunding? The nation paid very large sums—in the aggregate, I believe, of a hundred millions—to relieve Florida of the aborigines tribes.

Is it just that she shall now go off without consent or without making any return? The nation is now in debt for money applied to the benefit of these so-called Seceded States in common with the rest. Is it just either that credit ors shall go unpaid, or the remaining States pay the whole? Part of the present national debt was contracted to pay the old debts of Texas. Is it just that she shall leave, and pay no part of this herself?

Again, if one State may secede, so may another, and when all shall have seceded, none is left to pay the debts. Is this quite just to creditors? Did we notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money? If we now recognize this doctrine by allowing the Seceders to go in peace, it is difficult to see what we can do if others choose to go, or to extort terms upon which they will promise to remain.

The Seceders insist that our Constitution admits of secession. They having assumed to make a National Constitution of their own, in which, of necessity they have either discarded or retained the right of Secession as they insist it exists in ours. If they have discarded it, they thereby admit that on principle it ought not to be in ours. If they have retained by their own construction of ours, they show that to be consistent they must secede from one another whenever they shall find it the easiest way of settling their debts, or effecting any other selfish or unjust object.—The principle itself is one of disintegration, and upon which no Government can possibly endure.

If all the States save one should assert the power to drive that one out of the Union, it is presumed the whole class of seceder politicians would at once deny the power, and denounce the act as the greatest outrage upon State rights. But suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called driving the one out, should be called the seceding of the other from that one, it would be exactly what the seceders claim to do, unless, indeed, they make the point, that the one, because it is a minority, may rightfully do what the other, because they are a majority, may not rightfully do. These politicians are subtle and profound on the rights of minorities; they are not partial to that power which made the Constitution, and speaks from the preamble calling itself "The People."

THE UNION MEN IN THE SOUTH.

It may well be questioned whether there is, to-day, a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State except, perhaps, South Carolina, in favor of Disunion. There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one of the so-called Seceded States.

As the contrary has not been demonstrated in any one of them, it is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee, for the result of an election held in military camps, where the bayonets were all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as a demonstration of popular sentiment. At such an election all that large class who are not at once for the Union and against coercion, would be coerced to vote against the Union.

It may be affirmed, without extravagance, that the free institutions we enjoy have developed the power and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world.

THE CHARACTER OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.

Of this I have a striking and impressive illustration. So large an army as the Government has now on foot, was never before known, without a soldier in it but who had taken his place there of his own free will.

But more than this. There are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, that is known in the world; and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, and perhaps a Court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself.

Nor do I say this is not true also in the case of our late friends, now adversaries, in this contest. But if it is, so much better the reason why the Government, which has conferred such benefits on both them and us, should not be broken up. Whoever, in any section, proposes to abandon such a Government, would do well to consider in deference to what principle it is that he does it; what better he is likely to get in its stead; Whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give, so much of good to the people. There are some foreshadowings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some declarations of independence, in which, unlike the good old one penned by JEFFERSON, they omit the words, "All men are created equal." Why? They have adopted a temporary national Constitution, in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one, signed by WASHINGTON, they omit "We, the people," and substitute "We, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States." Why? Why this deliberate pressing out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people?

THE CONTEST ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government, whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men; to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start, and a fair chance in the race of life.

Yielding to partial and temporary departures from necessity, this is the leading object of the Government for whose existence we contend.

NOT AN ENLISTED SOLDIER OR SAILOR A DESERTER.

I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note that while in this, the Government's hour of trial, large numbers of those in the army and navy who have been favored with the offices, have resigned and proved false to the hand which had pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag. Great honor is due to those officers who remained true, despite the example of their treacherous associates.

But the greatest honor and most important fact of all is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors. To the last man, so far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands last an hour before they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people.

They understand, without an argument, that the destroying of the Government, which was made by WASHINGTON, means no good to them. Our peculiar Government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled—the successful establishing and the successful administering of it.

THE SUCCESSFUL MAINTENANCE OF THE UNION TO BE DEMONSTRATED.

One still remains—its successful maintenance against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets, and that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets—that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take by war; teaching all the folly of being the beginners of war.

THE COURSE OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER THE REBELLION IS CRUSHED.

Lest there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the Government towards the Southern States after the Rebellion shall have been suppressed, the Executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the laws, and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and the duties of the Federal Government relatively to the rights of the States and people under the Constitution than expressed in the Inaugural Address.

He desires to preserve the Government, that it may be administered to all as it was administered by the men who made it. Loyal citizens everywhere have the right to claim this of their Government, and Government has no right to withhold or neglect it. It is not perceived that in giving it there is any coercion—any conquest or subjugation, in any just sense of those terms.

The Constitution provides, and all the States have accepted the provision, that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government. But if a State may lawfully go out of the Union, having done so, it may also discard the Republican form of Government; so that to prevent its going out it is all-indispensable to use every means to the end of maintaining the guaranty. When an end is lawful and obligatory, the indispensable means to obtain it are also lawful and obligatory.

NO COMPROMISES TO BE MADE.

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defence of the Government forced upon him. He could but perform this duty or surrender the existence of the Government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure—not that compromises are not often proper, but that no popular Government can long survive a marked precedent. That those who carry an election can only save the Government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.

As a private citizen the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish, much less could he, in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him.

He felt that he had no moral right to shrink nor even to count the chances of his own life in what might follow. In full view of his great responsibility he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. He sincerely hopes that your views and your actions may so accord with his as to assure all faithful citizens who have been disturbed in their rights of a certain and speedy restoration to them under the Constitution and the laws.

And having thus chosen our course without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

July 4, 1861. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR—NUMBER OF TROOPS.—The Secretary says to the President:—

"Under your second proclamation, of the 4th May last, calling for volunteers to serve during the war, there have been accepted up to this date 208 regiments. A number of other regiments have been accepted, but on condition of being ready to be mustered into service within a specified time, the limitation of which has, in some instances, not expired. It is not possible to state how many of these may be ready before the meeting of Congress. Of the regiments accepted all are infantry and riflemen, with the exception of two battalions of artillery and four regiments of cavalry.

"A number of regiments mustered as infantry have, however, attached to them one or more artillery companies, and there are also some regiments partly made up of companies of cavalry. Of the 208 regiments accepted for three years, there are now 153 in active service, and the remaining 55 are mostly ready, and all of them will be in the field within the next twenty days.

"The total force now in the field may be computed as follows:

Regulars and volunteers for three months and for the war, - - -		235,000
Add to this 55 regiments of volunteers for the war, accepted and not yet in service, - - - - -	50,000	
And new regiments of regular army, - - - - -	25,000	
		75,000
Total force now at command of Government, - - - - -		310,000
Deduct the three months' volunteers,		80,000
For service after the withdrawal of the three months' men, - - -		230,000

"It will thus be perceived that after the discharge of the three months' troops there will still be an available force of volunteers, amounting to 188,000, which, added to the regular army, will constitute a force of 230,000 officers and men. It will be for Congress to determine whether this army shall at this time be increased by the addition of a still larger volunteer force."

AN IRISH BULL.—In the House of Commons, lately, Mr. Blake said:—"If the Noble Lord (Palmerston) was not born in Ireland, he was born out of his native land." (Laughter, and hear, hear.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYON has been promoted to Major General. His command embraces the States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Sales comprise some 6@7000 bbls, mostly to supply the retailers and bakers, at $3,75 to $4,25 for Western and Pennsylvania fine Flour; $4,25 to $5 for superfine do, the latter for selected brands; $4,50@$5,25 for extras; $4,75@$5,50 for family, and $5,75@$6,50 ⅌ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is also dull and selling in a small way only at $3,25 ⅌ bbl. Corn Meal is inquired for, but the demand is mostly for fresh ground Pennsylvania Meal, which is scarce at $2,75; Brandywine is worth $2,87½ ⅌ bbl.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat has fallen off, with sales of 20,000 bus at 85@90c for spring; $1,10 to $1,20 for fair to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds, leaving off dull at $1,16@1,18 in store and afloat; included in the sales are white, in small lots, at $1,25@1,30, as in quality. Rye is steady, with further small receipts and sales of Pennsylvania at 60c afloat. Corn comes in slowly, and meets with a limited demand at previous prices. Sales include 10,000 bus, in lots, at 50@51c for Western mixed, 51@53c for good to prime Southern yellow; the latter afloat, and 55@56c for white. Oats have been very dull, and some 12,000 bus found buyers at 28@28½c for Southern, and 28½@29c for Pennsylvania, mostly at the latter rate for prime lots afloat.

PROVISIONS.—Barrelled meats meet with a limited demand, at about previous rates, say $16@16½ for mess Pork, and $12@15 for western and city mess Beef. Of Bacon the sales are confined to hams, at 9c for plain, and 10@10½c for fancy, usual terms, chiefly at the latter rate, for prime bagged. A sale of shoulders was made at 6½c. Nothing doing in sides. Green meats are quiet, with some further small sales of pickled hams at 7½@8c, usual terms. Salted meats are dull and unsettled. Of Lard the sales are limited, at 9@9½c for trs and bbls, and 9½@10½c for kegs, as in quality, cash and time. Butter sells slowly at 8@9c per lb, the latter for prime packed. Cheese is dull at 6@8c per lb. Eggs sell in lots at 11c per dozen.

COTTON.—The sales include a few small lots of Uplands and Gulfs, within the range of 12@16c, cash, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES.—The demand for both kinds is limited, and the market firm at quotations.

BARK comes in slowly, but the demand for Quercitron is less active with further sales of 70 hhds at $29 for 1st No 1, at which rate it is steady. Tanners' Bark continues dull and neglected, Spanish Oak selling as wanted at $9@10, and Chestnut at $7@8 ⅌ cord.

BEESWAX is quiet, and we quote yellow at 29@30c ⅌ lb.

COAL.—The advance in the rates of freight and toll has given an upward tendency to prices, and most holders are asking higher rates.—Schuylkill White Ash Lump ⅌ ton $3,25@3,45, Prepared do $3,30@3,45, Red Ash do $3,45@3,60, Lehigh Lump do $3,90, Prepared do $3,60, by retail do $4,50, Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE.—A few small lots, mostly Rio, have been disposed of at 12@15½c, on the usual terms.

COPPER is dull. Of Yellow Metal further sales are reported at 17c ⅌ lb, on time.

FRUIT.—Very little doing in dried Fruit; Apples are quoted at 2@4c, and unpared Peaches at 4@5c ⅌ lb.

HAY is dull and rather lower, Timothy selling as wanted at 60@70c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is quiet, the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, who are doing but little.

HOPS are firm, but the sales continue light, prices ranging at 15 to 20c for new crop eastern and western. Old Hops continue dull.

IRON.—There is little or nothing doing in either pig or manufactured Iron to alter quotations, and prices are nominally unchanged.

LEAD is held with more firmness, but we hear of no further transactions.

LUMBER continues dull. Susquehanna Boards are selling at $12@15, and Lehigh Hemlock do at $10. Laths and Pickets are dull at quotations, the former at $1,50. Southern Shingles are dull, further sales are making at $14@17 ⅌ M.

MOLASSES.—The market continues very quiet, and no sales of any consequence have been made public.

PLASTER.—There is very little arriving or selling, and prices are nearly nominal.

RICE.—The sales are in a retail way only, at 5½@6c per lb.

SEEDS.—The market for all kinds continues at a stand still, and without any change to notice.

SPIRITS.—Brandy is firm but very quiet. Gin is also quiet. N E Rum sells slowly at quotations. Whiskey is dull, with light receipts and sales at 16½c for hhds and 16½@17c for bbls, the latter for prime Ohio.

SUGARS.—Holders are firmer in their views, but the market is quiet, and only some 500 hhds Cuba have been disposed of, part for refining, at 4½@5c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW is dull and lower, with small receipts, and sales of country at 7¾@8c. City is quoted at 8¼c ⅌ lb.

TOBACCO.—The demand is limited, owing to the firmness of holders and the high prices now current for both leaf and manufactured.

WOOL.—There is very little inquiry for this staple, the demand being chiefly for the low and medium grades, which are selling in small lots as wanted at 27c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1019 head. The prices realized were from $7,00 to 8,00 ⅌ cwt. 45 Cows brought from $20 to 38 ⅌ head. 6000 Sheep were sold at from 6 to 7c ⅌ lb. 1380 Hogs sold at from $5 to 5,75 ⅌ cwt, net.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. EDWIN A. DE HAVEN, to Miss MARY A. STEEL, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. JAMES GREGORY, to Miss MARY JANE MCCLENNAN, both of this city.

At St. Andrew's Church, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Stevens, Capt. J. J. SMITH, of Memphis, Tenn. to ADELAIDE, daughter of the late Jesse C. Parmalee, of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, at St. Mark's Church, by the Rev. J. P. B. Wilmer, the Rev. ALBRA WADLEIGH, of Muncy, Pa. to EMILY, daughter of F. W. Rawle, Esq. of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Friend's ceremony, CHARLES H. ADAMS, of this city, to CAROLINE H. daughter of Wm. H. and Elizabeth H. Chase, of Union Springs, Cayuga county, N. Y.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. S. Y. Monroe, THOMAS H. SCULL, to SARAH TROUT, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. WILLIAM H. STEWART, to Miss MARTHA MORGAN, both of Busticton, Pa.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Danl. Gaston, JAMES A. ARMSTRONG, M. D. to Miss LOUISA, daughter of Mr. Walker, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Saturday, 6th instant, ELIZA, wife of Jacob E. Hagert, Esq.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA APPLEGATE, relict of the late George Applegate, in her 58th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. LOUISA CORINTH, relict of the late Wm. Corinth, aged 37 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. ARCHIBALD HALL, aged 35 years.

At his son-in-law's, New Castle, Del, on Saturday, 29th ultimo, DANIEL LARGE, aged 83 years.

On Tuesday, July 2d, after a short illness, GEORGE L. STANDBRIDGE, aged 55 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. CATHARINE SYERS, aged 79 years.

On the 30th ultimo, JOHN WATSON, aged 30 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. MARTHA PAYNE, widow of the late Capt. Jas. Payne, in her 54th year.

On the 30th ultimo, Miss ABIGAIL ALTHOUSE, in her 28th year.

On the 28th ultimo, JAMES C. ATKINSON, aged 32 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 6, 1861.

Alabama	5 dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	1½ dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	[illegible] dis.	New York City	[illegible] dis.
Georgia	25 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	20 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	14 dis.	Nova Scotia	1½ dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas		Pennsylvania	par to 2 dis.
Kentucky	5 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	25 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	40 dis.
Maryland	1 to 5 dis.	Texas	
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	5 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota		Wisconsin	20 to 75 dis.
Mississippi			

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh16-tf

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As it is proper and natural for our lady friends to wish to make themselves as lovely as possible, we feel it our duty to indicate the best means of bringing about that much desired consummation, and we can confidently assert that any one who uses Burnett's celebrated KALLISTON may obtain a fresh and satin-like complexion. This delightful preparation removes tan and freckles, and imparts a velvety softness to the skin. For chapped hands it is invaluable, while its healing properties and delicious perfume render it agreeable to every sense.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston. Sold by dealers generally, at 50c. a bottle.

CEPHALIC PILLS

CURE

SICK HEADACHE;

CURE

NERVOUS HEADACHE;

CURE

ALL KINDS OF HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea and Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous system* or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF

SPALDING'S CEPHALIC PILLS,

WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

HEADACHE,

THAT A

SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,

MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA.,
January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING.

SIR:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*

Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her.

Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO,
January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar St., N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.

Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

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SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!

ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well-regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.

Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜

is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits.

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?

It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.
It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.
It has cured SCALD HEAD.
It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.
It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.

In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, in Philadelphia.

The regular course of Lectures in this institution will *commence* on the Fourteenth day of October, 1861, and *continue* until the First of March, 1862.

The Commencement will take place early in March.

FEES.—For a full course of Lectures, $100. Matriculation, $5. Practical Anatomy, $10. Graduation, $30. S. S. BROOKS, M. D., Dean, my18eow10t 1320 Vine Street.

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JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,

Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS, and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of Jayne's *Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

AGENTS WANTED,

For a Curious Book of NEW YORK SOCIETY, written by a Lady—and containing more truth in Truth than we commonly find in works of Fiction. It describes the *Hidden Life* and *Unusual Appearances* of Fascinating Ladies, Old Men's Darlings, Ladies of Pleasure, Dashing Widows, Women in Black, Widows' Daughters, Ladies of Fashion, Adventuresses, Bogus Ladies, Confidence Women, and others as mysterious to the outside world. Fancy binding, 250 pages, 50 engravings. Mailed free for One Dollar. ☞ Agents Wanted. For full particulars inclose a stamp. Address RANKINS & CO.,
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WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?

Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness; a variable appetite, a foetid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and is so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive organs. Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

Wit and Humor.

SAD EFFECT OF READING THE TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES

Mr. John Erskine, of St. Louis, was lately arrested by a policeman in the streets of that town, just at the instant when, posted in front of a banking-house, he was attempting—not to pick the lock (Mr. Erskine is an honest man)—but to smash one of the granite steps with his fist. The step, as is accordant with natural laws, not yielding to his punishment, Mr. Erskine treated it as a rebel, and threatened it with federal vengeance, to the great delight of those cheerful spectators who had collected to view the scene.

When brought up before the magistrate, Mr. Erskine made every laudable attempt to preserve the perpendicular. Not succeeding in this to his perfect satisfaction, he came to an amicable understanding for the purpose of support with the shoulders of the officer who had arrested him. That person repulsing him, Mr. Erskine fell upon his knees in the attitude of a gentleman about to say his prayers.

The Judge speaks—"What is the charge against this individual?"

The Policeman—"Getting drunk, completely drunk, attempting to destroy private property, and collecting a crowd around him."

Mr. Erskine, (arising painfully)—"That's a mistake, a calumny beyond description. I was not drunk, I never drink anything but water—ask Thompson. In order to prove to you that I have my senses perfectly, I will proceed to sing the Star Spangled Banner without missing a note. Gotapiano here?"

The Judge—"Poor lunatic!"

Mr. Erskine—"Indeed, that's more'n likely. Reading the newspapers has brought me into this state. I like to know the war news. I read all the despatches published on the subject. That's the way I lost my reason. The second edition contradicts the first; the third contradicts that again, and so on. You believe you know, and you don't know anything. You learn all at once that what happened yesterday didn't happen yesterday, but is going to happen to-morrow. That's enough to shatter the best organized intellect. It produces the effect of mixing your liquor—you go on swallowing without knowing how much you take."

The Judge—"So you have mixed your liquor, then?"

Mr. Erskine—"No! I've mixed my despatches. Oh! telegraph! telegraph! you're my rui !"

Notwithstanding this ingenious system of defence, Mr. Erskine was sent to work off his whiskey at the station-house. On his way thither he promised the police officer not to read any more newspapers, and above all, no more dispatches from the seat of war.

SCOTCH DAMES.

The box of an old Scotch lady was not forthcoming at the railway station at which she was to stop. When urged to be patient, she exclaimed: "I can bear any pairtings that may be ca'ed for in God's Providence; but I canna stan' pairting frae ma claes." It is just possible, though scarcely probable, that this may have been the result of pure simplicity; but the speakers in the remaining anecdotes were without doubt genuine humorists. A country minister had been invited with his wife to dine and sleep at the house of a certain laird. Their host was very proud of one of the very large beds, which had just come into fashion, and in the morning asked the lady how she had slept in it. "Oh, very weel, sir; but, indeed, I thought I'd lost the minister a'thegther." An old maiden lady at Montrose, during the time of expected invasion at the beginning of the century, was solicited for a subscription to raise men for the King. "Indeed," she answered sturdily, "I'll dae nae sic thing; I never could raise a man *for mysel*, and I am no gaen to raise men for King George." Miss Sophia Johnstone of Hilton (commonly called Soph) entertained somewhat free-thinking opinions, and the celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair accordingly took an opportunity of having a little serious talk with her. The doctor, shocked to find her mind in such an unsettled state on some fundamental points of theology, had dwelt at some length upon the great facts connected with the primeval condition and the fall. Soph heard it all with much gravity, and then coolly replied—"Weel, weel, doctor, it wud hae been sma' pleasure to me to rin aboot naked in a garden, eating green apples." Old Mrs. Robinson (widow of the eminent professor of natural philosophy) invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day. He accepted, with the reservation, "if I am spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robinson, "if ye're dead, I'll no expect you."

"Visible" and "Invisible."—Rev. —— was preaching at an appointment not so intelligent as Virginia audiences generally are. His text was (2 Cor. iv.) on looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. The preacher had occasion to use the words visible and invisible.

"Now, brethren," quoth he, "some of you may not understand these words. I will explain them to you."

Stretching up at full length, with arms extended—"Do you see me now?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is *visible*."

Squatting down behind the pulpit—it was one of those old time high ones—he cried out *de profundis*—

"See me now?"

"No."

"Well, this is *invisible*."

☞ The Mayor of Apalachicola lately warned a schoolmaster to depart "for a moar Northern climb."

The Strawberry.—It is related of Mr Alderman Faulkner, of convivial memory, that one night, when he expected his guests to sit late, and try the strength of his claret and his head, he took the precaution to place in his wine-glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities. On the faith of this specific, he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away earlier than usual. When some of his friends condoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortunes to six bottles of claret which he had drunk, the alderman was extremely indignant. "The claret," he said, "was sound, and never could do anybody any harm; his discomfiture was altogether caused by that single strawberry which he had kept all night at the bottom of his glass."

A Delightful Visitor.—Madame De Stael was a pitiless talker. Some gentlemen, who wished to teach her a lesson, introduced a person to her, who, they said, was a very learned man. The blue-stocking received him graciously; but, eager to produce an impression, began to talk away, and asked a thousand questions, so engrossed with herself that she did not notice that her visitor made no reply. When the visit was over, the gentleman asked Corinne how she liked their friend. "A most delightful man!" was the reply; "what wit and learning!" Here the laugh came in—the visitor was deaf and dumb.

ANECDOTE OF THE PLAGUE.

In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young and then the old of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and, seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled, for a time, to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered; and, amid a flood of tears and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her, and in two days she was no more.—*The Plague in Italy.*

WHITE LIES.

Some slip-shod moralist insist that it is permissible, and, indeed, commendable, to tell fibs in cases where the utterance of the plain truth might give offence or pain. That this doctrine is practically carried out in society we all know. Persons who wish to avoid receiving unwelcome visitors without resorting to a positive rebuff, direct their servants to say they are "not at home." "I am glad to see you," is the greeting with which a man of polished manners meets the bore whose appearance he regards with horror. Invalids past hope of recovery are informed by smiling friends that they are looking better every day. Rash men of business are congratulated on their brilliant prospects by those who know they are on the verge of ruin. In fact, never to utter disagreeable truths, and to deal liberally in agreeable falsehoods, seem to be the accomplishments—negative and positive—most indispensable to individuals who desire to be "perfectly at home in polite society." To such courteous hypocrisy we cannot subscribe. It may sometimes be inexpedient to tell the truth, but never necessary or proper to invent falsehoods for courtesy's sake. Infinite harm is done by what Mrs. Opie has designated as "White Lies." In nine cases out of ten, the plain truth, kindly spoken, is beneficial to those who seek counsel, advice, or any kind of information or aid. In no case is falsehood, however well intended, really justifiable. When it is deemed unwise to speak the truth, say nothing.

The Effect of Shot on Vessels.—A shot does not make a hole of its own size right through wood, but indents it, the fibres springing back after the shock. Generally, the course of the shot only can be traced with a wire, sometimes by a hole as large as a man's finger. The damage most often happens in the inside of a vessel, in splintering and breaking the wood, after the main force of the shot is spent. Forts Hamilton and Richmond, which are about a mile apart, with a vessel lying between them, could not, with their guns, send a shot through two feet of its timbers. There is rarely an instance where a ship was sunk by a solid shot. Hot shot and shells do the mischief. The latter will sometimes make apertures of several feet in extent through the sides of vessels.

☞ The way to overcome evil is to love something that is good. No man in this world ever conquered evil merely by butting against it with his will, but by getting into positive love for goodness, by which this evil becomes hateful.—*Chapin.*

THE HOME DRILL.—"Arms at will."

"OLD PUT" FRIGHTENED.

It is generally supposed that Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary memory, was a pretty brave man. The stories that have been related of him about his descent into the wolf's den, of his escape from the British down the stone stairs at Horseneck, and his duel with the British officer, sitting on a keg of onion seed, which was supposed to be powder, are well remembered. A correspondent of the Norwalk Courier, however, says that "Old Put," brave as he was, got thoroughly frightened once in his life. It was in this wise:—

"It is very generally known that a rattlesnake that has been recently killed, and without dislocating any part, will, on being lifted by the tail, recoil in such a manner as to strike its head against the hand. When Putnam was alive, and lived in Pomfret, some one caught a rattlesnake, and gave an opportunity to all that came up to test their courage, but none stood the test on the first trial; as they saw the head slowly rising, and before it touched the hand, they were sure to let it drop quick. Soon Putnam was seen to approach, and every one thought that he would not flinch, as his courage was well known. Being invited to try it, after suspiciously eyeing the reptile, he took hold and raised it steadily, slowly; but no sooner had its weight fairly left the ground than up came the head, and down dropped the snake. A little discomfited by the laughter which followed the natural impulse that forced him to quit his hold, he again seized the tail, and held on till its head simply touched his hand, when he dropped it again, like a red hot iron, amid the loud guffaws of the spectators. Probably his courage never had a severer test than it had on that occasion. Such is the story current among the old men of Pomfret and the adjoining towns."

How the Japanese Restore Faded Flowers.—After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by a simple and seemingly most destructive operation. A writer at Nagasaki says: "I had received some few days ago a delightful bunch of flowers from a Japanese acquaintance. They continued to live in their beauty for nearly two weeks, when at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away, the same gentleman (Japanese gentleman) came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him that, though lasting a long time, they had become useless. "Oh, no," said he, "only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will be as good as before." I was incredulous; so he took them himself, and held the stems' ends in the fire until they were completely charred. This was in the morning. At evening they were again looking fresh and vigorous, and have continued so for another week. What may be the true agent in this reviving process, I am unable to determine fully; whether it be heat driving once more the last juices into leaflet and vein, or whether it be the bountiful supply of carbon furnished by the charring. I am induced, however, to the latter cause, as the full effect was not produced until some eight hours afterward, and as it seems that, if the heat was the principal agent, it must have been sooner followed by visible changes.

A Curious Experiment.—Take a round piece of pasteboard (or any other shape) and insert it in a quill open at both ends, and lay this on another piece of pasteboard of the same shape, in which is stuck a pin, so that the pin will enter the quill. Blow through the quill as hard as you may, but the lower piece cannot be blown off.

A common spool, such as is used for sewing cotton, forms a suitable apparatus for trying this wonderful experiment. Take a bit of smooth writing paper, a little larger than the head of the spool, and run a pin through the paper and into the bore of the spool.—Now, by blowing down, it will be found impossible to blow the paper off. By observing closely, it will be seen that the paper does not quite touch the head of the spool. It is, of course, necessary to hold the paper up with the hand until you begin to blow.

The explanation is this: When the currents of air are established, radiating from the central tube horizontally between the disk and the paper, the greater area of the disk as compared with that of the tube, causes the air above the paper to be rarified, when the pressure of the air below, not being counterbalanced, holds the paper up. The pin acts as an anchor to prevent the paper from being blown away horizontally.—*Scientific American.*

☞ If you require a person to become security for you, don't ask the man who promised he would do anything for you when he knew that you didn't want anything done.

☞ Shakers.—A man who had won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about his method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her scruples at last by the remark that "the Shakers gave it to him."

☞ "I say, Bob, you have been to Canton; haven't you?" "Yes." "Well, can you speak China?" "Yes, a little—that is, I speak *broken* China."

Agricultural.

SUCCESSION CROPS.

These are very common with the gardener, but are rarely attempted by the farmer. In well managed vegetable gardens we frequently see one, two, three, and sometimes even four crops taken from the same piece of land in a single season.

Thus the gardener gets more money from eight or ten acres than many farmers from a hundred or more. He will have lettuce and radishes succeeded by cabbage, planting them in alternate rows, and the cabbage followed by carrots or some other root crop. He will have potatoes followed by late cabbage or corn, peas followed by turnips, or some other root crop. But the routine farmer is very well satisfied if he get one fair crop in a season from his land.

We have no doubt it is entirely practicable for our farmers to get two crops from most of their cultivated field, and that this course would pay a much larger profit than the present system. Pastures of course can only yield grass. But the meadows, if only made rich enough, will just as readily yield two crops as one. There is hardly an acre of fair meadow-land cutting now from one to two tons of hay to the acre, that cannot be brought up by top dressings to produce three tons of hay at the first cutting, and one ton at the second cutting, or its equivalent in good, rich pasturage.

The difference in the annual profit of such an acre is worth looking at. The acre now produces two tons of hay, worth above the cost of production, say twenty dollars. The same acre, if it be made to produce four tons, gives forty dollars, with only the additional cost of manure, and the second cutting. It costs not far from three dollars a ton to cut grass with a scythe and put it in the barn. With a mowing machine and all the improved tools of haying, hay can be put in the barn, under favorable circumstances, for two dollars and less per ton.

With a convenient deposit of peat or muck, we think a good compost—the equivalent of barn yard manure, can be made and spread for one dollar a cord. Suppose it takes ten cords annually to produce the four tons of hay. We should have, then, the extra yield of two tons, secured by an outlay of thirteen dollars at the most, and a clear profit of seven dollars upon each acre so treated. This, upon fifty acres of mowing would make a difference of one hundred tons in the yield of hay, and of $350 in the clear profit of the farm. If this hay were all fed out upon the farm, it would furnish manure enough to keep the farm up to this high standard of productiveness.

If an early variety of potatoes are planted April 1st, like the Carpenter's or Wendell's seedling, they can be all dug in the month of July. After the last hoeing, or about the middle of June, we may plant a variety of succession crops, according to our wants, without interfering with the potatoes. Beans will mature perfectly. Cabbage plants may be set out, or carrots may be sown.

We raised carrots in this way last season, at the rate of over a thousand bushels to the acre. Corn for fodder may also be raised in this way very cheaply. Open a furrow with the plough, sow the seed, and cover with the plough, manuring with super-phosphate or some concentrated fertilizer in the drill. The potatoes will have attained their growth before the corn is high enough to shade them. The corn can be cut and cured the first or second week in September, and, under favorable circumstances, we can get at least four tons of dry fodder, worth quite as much as good English hay.

This succession crop is of great advantage, as it secures the farmer completely against short pasture in dry seasons. The corn will be large enough to furnish cuttings by the first of August, and can be fed out green if the season makes it necessary. We think that forty dollars is a moderate estimate of the value of such fodder. It will cost to produce it, say ten dollars' worth of manure, and as much more for labor. This would make a profit of twenty dollars extra upon the succession crop. If the succession crop were carrots, the labor would be increased, and the crop in rich soil would be worth more.

Even with corn we may have a valuable succession crop. At the last hoeing, in July, sow turnips, working the seed in with the cultivator, if it be used, and with the hoe, and using about three hundred pounds of super-phosphate of lime to the acre, unless the land has had high manuring in the spring. In the shade of the corn, the seed will come up, and the young plants get well established.

The corn will be ready to cut up by the roots about the middle of September, when the turnips will have the ground for about two months, or until there is danger of their being frozen in. From two to four hundred bushels of turnips to the acre may be gatherd in this way at very small cost. We have raised two hundred on land that yielded sixty bushels of corn to the acre, without extra manure.

We might specify other succession crops, but if the farmer once gets in the way of raising them he will readily learn the best succession for his peculiar circumstances. Those who are near a good market for vegetables will find cabbages and winter squashes a good succession for potatoes. Some of our shore farmers, near the sea-coast, raise onions for a first crop, and follow with carrots. The onions are sown early, and the carrots in alternate drills, about the middle of June. The onions come off in August, and the carrots have the ground.

It will be seen that by these succession crops the farmer gets double the profits nearly from the same surface of land. It would seem at first glance that it required a much larger capital to carry out this plan. But this difference is rather apparent than real. The capital is put in a different place. The routine farmer has the most of his invested in land, where it does not pay him two per cent. interest. The other invests his in only half the quantity of land, and the rest in manure, tools, and labor, with a view to make his real estate productive. If an acre cost him forty dollars, he lays out forty more, and gets ten per cent. on the eighty, instead of laying out ten grudgingly, and getting four per cent. on the fifty. To make succession crops profitable, we must have more manure. The soil that is capable of producing only forty bushels of corn to the acre ought not to be taxed with a second crop, unless it have help. With plenty of manure we may take two crops annually, and get a much larger interest on our capital, while we keep the farm constantly improving. When all crops are likely to rule high, it is a favorable time to invest largely in manure, and make the soil yield all it will.—*The Homestead.*

Useful Receipts.

Drunkenness.—The following is a cure for drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The recipe came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, father of the Rev. Newman Hall, and Captain Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time had lost all desire for liquors, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. The recipe, which he afterwards published, and by which many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows:—"Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day." This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

Cheap Small Beer.—To twelve quarts of cold water, add a pint and a half of strong hop tea, and a pint and a half of molasses. Mix it well together, and bottle it immediately. It will be fit for use the next day, if the weather is warm.

Spruce Beer.—Allow an ounce of hops and a spoonful of ginger to a gallon of water. When well boiled, strain it, and put in a pint of molasses, and half an ounce or less of the essence of spruce; when cool, add a teacup of yeast, and put into a clean, tight cask and let it ferment for a day or two, then bottle it for use. You can boil the sprigs of spruce fir in room of the essence.

Ginger Beer Quickly Made.—A gallon of boiling water is poured over three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, one ounce of ginger, and the peel of one lemon; when milk warm, the juice of the lemon and a spoonful of yeast are added. It should be made in the evening, and bottled next morning in stone bottles, and the cork tied down with twine.

Good brown sugar will answer, and the lemon may be omitted, if cheapness is required.

Washing Fluid.—To one gallon of soft water, add half a pound of sal-soda, four ounces of borax, one ounce of ammonia, one-eighth of an ounce of camphor-gum, dissolved in alcohol. The water should boil when the borax and soda are added, stir till dissolved, when cool add the rest. A teacupful of the fluid to be mixed with soap, for a family of five or six persons. The clothes to be soaked awhile in warm suds. S. B.

To Dress Cucumbers.—Take three good sized cucumbers, pare them, put them in cool water for an hour, take them out and cut them in the usual way; sprinkle salt upon them and let them be so until an hour before dinner; drain off the salt liquor; put them into a vegetable dish. Take a pint of sour cream, (*not too old*,) a good tablespoonful of cider vinegar, a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut; put them on the fire and let it come to a boil: pour it over the cucumbers while hot; set them by in a cool place until dinner. We think it is the only way to eat them. Try it.—*American Farmer.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 22, 6, 25, 13, 11, was one of the Muses.
My 2, 3, 10, 23, was wife of Jupiter.
My 3, 9, 15, 29, 24, 13, 21, was one of the Horae.
My 4, 27, 14, was wife of Athamas.
My 5, 26, 16, 19, 3, was daughter of Tantalos.
My 6, 8, 11, 24, 3, 24, 31, 16, 5, was King of Mycenae.
My 7, 20, 23, 27, 4, 27, was the muse of Astronomy.
My 8, 3, was mother of the Titans.
My 18, 22, 3, 18, was one of the Titanedes.
My 12, 2, 21, 30, 30, 29, was one of the seasons of the Athenian year.
My 15, 26, 25, 3, is a river of Egypt.
My 17, 30, 14, 20, 6, was the goddess of flowers.
My 19, 23, 28, 28, 22, 11, 3, were nymphs of Bacchus.
My 24, 3, 24, 31, 29, 31, was the son of Tithonos and Aurora.

My whole is a recent event. S. H. H.
Litchfield, Ill.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 17, 3, 8, 16, was a King of Denmark cotemporary with Edward I. of England.
My 13, 17, 4, 5, 1, was Emperor of the West, in A. D. 1314.
My 11, 2, 13, 6, 8, 15, 10, 4, 15, 7, 14, 17, 3, commanded an army of Scots raised to oppose Charles I., of England.
My 17, 9, 3, 13, 10, 12, 3, was a Scottish nobleman in the days of Alexander III., of Scotland.

My whole is the name of an old Scottish warrior. A. L. MERENE.
Bartlett, N. H.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 8, 17, 14, 12, 3, 11, is a county in Virginia.
My 16, 6, 13, 8, 12, 16, is a county in North Carolina.
My 1, 2, 10, 4, is a county in Kentucky.
My 19, 15, 9, 7, 14, 9, 10, 3, is a county in Ohio.
My 19, 6, 15, 15, 17, 18, 19, is a county in Texas.
My 19, 9, 13, 2, 8, 6, is a county in Mississippi.
My 1, 12, 14, 12, 15, is a county in Utah.
My 7, 17, 15, 5, 13, is a county in California.

My whole is a living poet of great moral worth. AMERICUS.
Bellevue, Ohio.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st in send but not in go,
My 2nd in reap but not in mow,
My 3rd in sell but not in give,
My 4th in riddle but not in sieve,
My 5th in snow but not in rain,
My 6th in writhe but not in pain,
My 7th in snore but not in sleep,
My 8th in spring but not in leap,
My 9th in heat but not in cold,
My 10th in riches but not in gold,
My whole was the name of a brave man,
Now guess this riddle if you can.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY S. S. LAIRD.

My first is an article much in use,
My second is not a goose,
My third helps to form loose,
My whole is a prince of a muse.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Were a tribe of Indians.
Is a lake in the United States.
Is a town in China.
Is an introducer of new forms and doctrines.
Is the country of the Vandals.
Signifies suspended respiration.
Is a city in New York.

My initials form a division of Africa; my finals the capital of it. SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

PROBLEM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a ship sails from latitude 43 degrees north between north and east, till her departure from the meridian be 45 degree leagues. And the sum of their distance and difference of latitude be 135 degree leagues. What distance has she sailed, and what latitude come to?

T. P.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of a series of numbers in geometrical progression is 31; the sum of their squares is 341, and the sum of their cubes is 4,681. Required—the numbers? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ On what ground may confectioners be deemed very mercenary lovers? Ans.—Because they sell their "kisses."

☞ Why are trees in the winter like cases for binding books? Ans.—They are leafless.

☞ Why is a French franc compared with an English shilling of no value? Ans.—It is worth-less.

☞ Why is a looking-glass very unlike lovers? Ans.—Because the object of its reflections is never absent.

☞ Why are the notes in music like pokers? Ans.—They are often between the bars.

☞ If cousin Polly had some figs, how might I flatter her by demanding a few? Ans.—"Handsome, Polly!"

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—"Go stranger tell it at Macedon, that we died here in obedience to her laws." CHARADE—Win-field Scott. DOUBLE REBUS—Meinan in Asia (Maravi, Ehren breit stein, Indiana, Netherlands, Altai, Marmora.) OMISSION—The Post. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—$2.77 7-9.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by D. Diefenbach, published May 18th—256,444 feet. J. H. S. and Chas. Heichemer, Bradford county, Pa. The latter also sends answer to J. E. Crowther's PROBLEM same date, 165 palisades.